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ABSTRACT

This book, which can be used in secondary and college courses, is the second of two volumes which present a Japanese view of Japan and the world. The reality of everyday life as experienced by the Japanese people is recreated in the series. Almost all of the material in both volumes has been written by Japanese and has been taken from a variety of sources: autobiographies, fiction, poetry, newspaper and magazine articles, and historical documents. Each primary source selection is preceded by an editor's introduction which provides background information and a few questions for class discussion. Volume two focuses on the personal, social, and environmental effects of Japan's current prosperity. Like Europe and the United States, Japan has discovered that affluence is a mixed blessing, bringing water and air pollution and congested cities, along with material comforts and increased mobility. It also brings new life styles. Much of the material in this second volume deals with contemporary Japanese attitudes toward women's roles, family life, and religion. A final section is devoted to Japanese Americans, especially to their experiences in the United States during World War II. (Author/RM)

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THROUGH JAPANESE EYES

Volume 2

The Present

Coping with Affluence

Revised Edition

RICHARD H. MINEAR

LEON E. CLARK, General Editor

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
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Contents

Foreword	7
Introduction	11
The Talisman	15
Pure Land Poisoned Sea	25
Pollution Damage: Who Pays?	33
The Japanese People and Nature	36
A Tale of Whales	42
Switch Off	48
Zen Meditation	56
Women in Japan: The Past	71
Some Prefer Nettles	75
Women in Japan: The Present	85
Madam Vice-President	85
Working Women	88
Driven Beyond Dignity	92
Examination Hell	99
Family Solidarity	108
The Governor and the Japanese Americans	115
Remember Pearl Harbor, and Then . . .	122
Disaffection	135
World War II: Closing the Books	139
The Old Reminders	141
The New Activism	145

4

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Foreword

PEOPLE—AND NATIONS—have a tendency to look at the outside world from their own perspectives. This is natural and perhaps necessary, for we are all prisoners of a particular space and time. But how limited and boring one perspective can be! And how faulty and biased our information would be if we listened only to ourselves!

The main goal of THROUGH JAPANESE EYES is to broaden our perspective by presenting a Japanese view of Japan and the world. Most of the material in these books has been written by Japanese, and it comes from a variety of sources: autobiographies, fiction, poetry, newspaper and magazine articles, letters, diaries, and historical documents.

Unlike most books about "other peoples," THROUGH JAPANESE EYES does not try to *explain* Japan but to *show* it; it does not offer "expert" analysis by outside observers but, rather, attempts to recreate the reality of everyday life as experienced by the Japanese people. Interpretation is left to the reader. In effect, THROUGH JAPANESE EYES has two objectives: to let the Japanese speak for themselves, and to let readers think for themselves.

Volume 1, *The Past: The Road from Isolation*, begins with a brief look at Japan as it is known to the world today: a nation of economic prosperity and technological excellence. It then goes back to the seventeenth century, to a time when Japan was isolated from the rest of the world, and traces some of the political and social developments that transformed this

hermit kingdom into a modern imperial power. Japan's contact with the outside world led eventually to its involvement in World War II, and the last third of this book examines some of the causes of that war, its impact on the Japanese people, and some of the permanent changes it brought about in Japan.

Volume 2, *The Present: Coping with Affluence*, focuses on the personal, social, and environmental effects of Japan's current prosperity. Like Europe and the United States, Japan has discovered that affluence is a mixed blessing, bringing water and air pollution and congested cities, along with material comforts and increased mobility. It also brings new life styles. Much of the material in this book deals with contemporary Japanese attitudes toward women's roles, family life, and religion. A final section is devoted to Japanese Americans, especially to their experiences in the United States during World War II.

Although Volume 2 is concerned primarily with contemporary issues, some historical selections are included to provide continuity and contrast with the present.

In some ways, Japan may seem different from the United States, and indeed it is. But in many more ways, the Japanese as people are similar to people anywhere in the world. Human beings, no matter where they live, face the same basic needs: to eat, to work, to love, to play, to get along with their fellow men. Learning how the Japanese respond to these needs may teach us something useful for our own lives.

More important, getting to know the Japanese as people—sharing in their thoughts and feelings, their beliefs and aspirations—should help us to develop a sense of empathy, a feeling of identity, with human beings everywhere. In the end we should know more about ourselves—indeed, we should have an expanded definition of who we are—because we will know more about the common humanity that all people share. Self-knowledge is the ultimate justification for studying about others.

LEON E. CLARK

The Present
Coping with Affluence

Introduction

JAPAN TODAY IS an economic colossus, richer than it has ever been in its history. Japanese industrialists chart world-wide sales campaigns for their products. White-collar workers in Japan buy cars and join country clubs. Secretaries plan vacation trips to Las Vegas.

As we learned in Volume 1, this present prosperity has its roots in Japan's recent and not-so-recent past. In the years between 1600 and 1853, Japan was isolated from the rest of the world by geography and government policy. As a result, very few changes took place in traditional Japanese society and attitudes. As different as the samurai, farmers, and townsmen were in the old society, they all shared the values of loyalty, service, and thrift which later served the Japanese well in the modern world.

When the West (in the person of Commodore Perry) brought Japan's isolation to an end in 1853, the Japanese did not enter the modern world totally unequipped. They may have been "backward" economically and technologically, but they held attitudes that meshed perfectly with the demands of industrial society. Moreover, they were willing to seek knowledge from abroad and to institute radical social change at home (the Meiji Restoration). This combination of attitudes and in-

clinations led to the rapid industrialization of the Japanese economy.

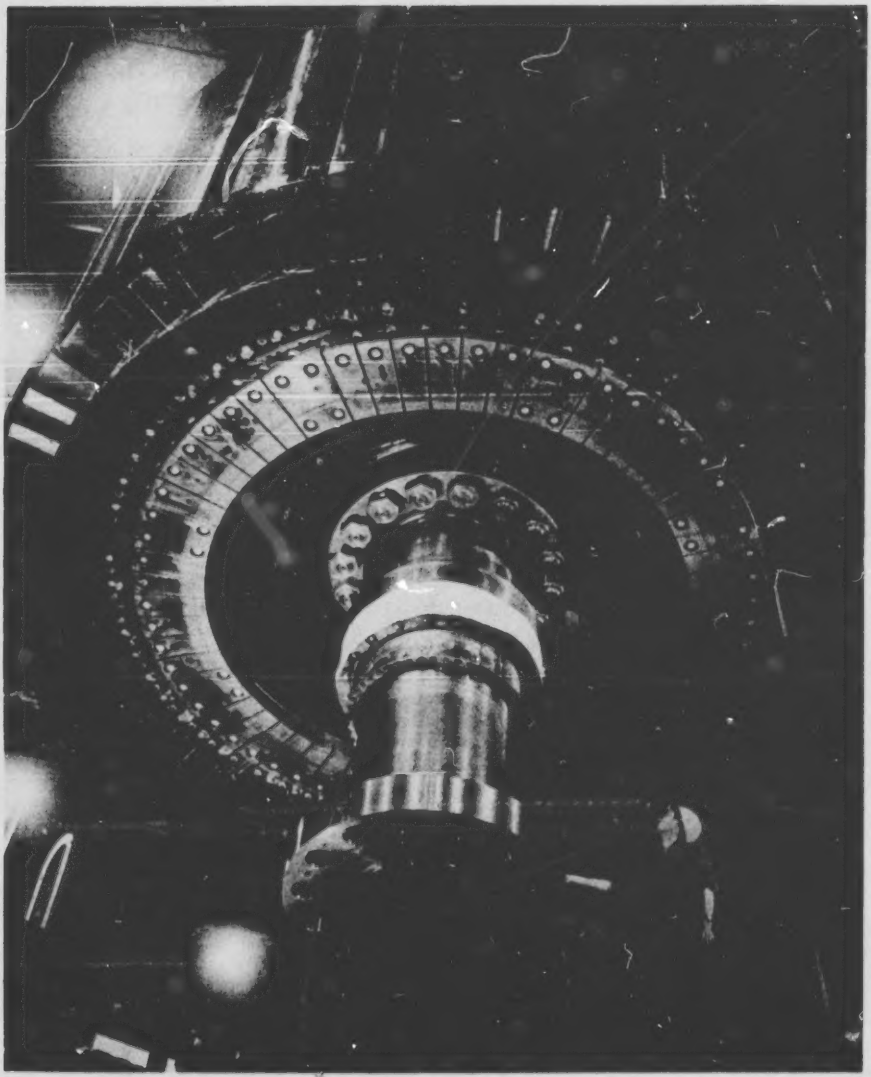
Where there is industry, there is need for raw materials, and Japan soon found itself an imperial power. Japan's expansion into Asia led eventually to war: with China in 1937 and with the United States in 1941. The almost inevitable defeat of Japan in 1945 resulted in military occupation of the country, which lasted until 1952. During that period, Japan not only rebuilt its economy but further reformed its society. A new constitution was adopted, which gave more power to the people.

Looking back on this recent history, the Japanese people have not yet decided what all this change means. Some, a small minority, advocate a return to the military (samurai) past. A much larger group rejects Japanese nationalism outright. The rest fall somewhere in between. The Japanese today are in search of a national identity: Who are they? what do they stand for? where are they going?

Since 1945 the Japanese have focused their energies largely on achieving economic success. Prosperity is now an accomplished fact, but the dream threatens to turn into a nightmare. The Japanese, like the Americans, are finding that affluence creates new problems. This volume attempts to explore some of these problems from a Japanese point of view.

The first reading deals with the psychological problems of living in mass society. How does the individual maintain his uniqueness in a high-rise apartment complex? How do people avoid becoming faceless robots, interchangeable parts in a social machine?

The next few readings concern the dark side of affluence, the ecological crisis that has become all too familiar in the West. In Japan, also, the prosperous society is a polluting society. What has economic development done to Japan's natural environment? How have the Japanese reacted? Are they callous in their disregard of nature? If so, have they always been? The whale offers one example. In spite of cries of outrage from many ecologists, Japan continues to hunt the whale. Why?



Industrial development in Japan has reached such impressive heights that it now provides the world with its dominant image of that nation. (Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)

What are the factors involved in settling ecological crises in the international arena? How strong is ecological consciousness in Japan today? Have the Japanese found any solutions? If not, why not? What can we learn from the Japanese?

Economic development and contact with the Western world have brought about a radical change in the status of women in Japan. What sort of role did women play in the centuries before Perry? When did that role begin to change? Why? What roles do women play today? How comfortable are they in these roles?

From the problems of modern women we turn to the problems of young people: the tough competition of college entrance examinations and the difficult issue of family relations. How do Japanese young people relate to their parents? Who plays the more important role: father or mother?

This volume concludes with a consideration of "Ethnocentrism, American Style." American citizens of Japanese descent form a thematic bridge between Japan and America. How have they fared in America? What does their experience teach us about American society? About ourselves?

So the circle completes itself. We read about Japan and the Japanese. We start by asking who they are, what their experience has been, what their values are. We end by asking who we are, what our experience has been, what our values are. We go in search of "them" and find—perhaps—ourselves.

The Talisman

Editor's Introduction: Two hundred years ago, Japan had a population of perhaps 30,000,000. The vast majority of the people lived in the countryside and supported themselves by farming.

Today the picture is very different. Japan's present population is 107,000,000, and the farm population has dropped to 15 per cent. Cities with populations of 50,000 or more account for 63 per cent, and 21,000,000 Japanese live in cities with populations of more than 1,000,000.

Well over half of Japan's population lives in an area roughly the size of the state of Delaware. This area stretches for several hundred miles along the coast between Tokyo and Osaka, but it is nowhere very wide. Delaware's population is less than 1,000,000, but this Japanese megalopolis has a population of over 58,000,000, making it one of the most densely populated areas of the world. It may be a signpost into the future for similar areas elsewhere—for example, the coastal area of the eastern United States between Washington, D.C., and Boston.

A quiet and ordered life seems important to the development of individual identity and social stability. But how do you find quiet and order when you are one man among 58,000,000? How do you establish your individuality?

A talisman is an amulet, or charm, often worn to fend off evil. The evil in the following short story seems to be the uniformity, the loss of identity, that the social environment forces upon its members. What talisman does the main character of the story find? What would you have chosen?

Yamakawa Masao, "The Talisman," translated by Edward Seidensticker, *Life*, 57:2–3 (September 11, 1964), 94–97.

"I DON'T SUPPOSE you need any dynamite?"

This was the question my friend Sekiguchi asked me. I had not seen him in four or five years. We had run into each other on the Ginza, and were drinking in an upstairs room of a small restaurant.

I had been with Sekiguchi through high school. He was now working for a construction company. It was not strange that he should have access to dynamite; but the question, however peculiar an old friend he might be, was a little sudden.

"I don't know what I'd use it for."

"I have it right here if you want it."

It would be a joke, of course. I smiled and poured a new drink for him. "It would blow up right in my hands. And what is the point in carrying dynamite around with you?"

This was the story Sekiguchi told me.

My wife and I live alone in an apartment house. I put my name on the list two years ago, and got married last spring, before I had a decent place to live. And then last fall I got one of the apartments. I couldn't have been happier.

Everything seemed new and fresh. . . . Before that we had been with my family, a big family at that. We had had only one room, and we wanted a place where we could lock other people out. Well, now we had a room with a lock. You can imagine what it meant to us.

We had it, a place of our own. But I had not been there six months before I began feeling uncertain and irritated. I felt somehow that I was disappearing. No one's fault—call it some sort of neurosis. I can't say it was his fault either, I suppose. But I can say that Kurose made things start going this way for me.

It was late one night. I had been to a party. There were no more buses, and I took a taxi and got off at the main gate. I hoped that by the time I got to my wing of the building the night wind might sober me up.

There was a man in front of me. I had the feeling that I was looking at myself from behind. He had on the same felt

hat, and he had the same package in his left hand. You could tell by his walk that he had been drinking too. It was a foggy night, and I wondered if I might be seeing my own shadow.

But it was no shadow. He walked on, the image of me, I thought—and he went into Wing E, where I lived. He went up the stairs I always go up.

It was a big complex, I grant that; but I knew at least the people who went up and down the stairs I used. And I did not know him. He went up as if they were the stairs he knew best in the world. He came to the third floor and knocked on the door to the right.

It was my apartment. And then I was even more startled.

The sameness of mass urban development afflicts Japan as it does most other industrialized nations. (Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)

The door opened and he was taken in, like any tired husband home from work.

I thought my wife must have a lover. That was it. I climbed the stairs quietly. I would catch them in the act. I put my ear to the door.

The way I felt—how can I describe it to you? I was wrong. He was not her lover. He was I myself.

No, wait. I'm not crazy. But I thought I was. I could hear her saying "Jiro, Jiro," and laughing and telling me what my sister had said when she had come calling that day. And I could hear my own tired voice in between. She was off in the kitchen getting something to eat, and "I" seemed to be reading the newspaper. I did not know what to think. There was another "I," that was clear. And who, then, was this I, standing foolishly in the hall? Which was "I" and which was I? Where should I go?

I had thought that I was sober, but I'm afraid I was still drunk. The confidence that I was I had left me. It did not occur to me that the man in the room was a false "I," a mistake. I opened the door only because I could think of nothing else to do with the I that was myself.

"Who's there?" she said.

"I," I finally answered.

It was quite a scene. My wife came screaming out. She looked at the other "I," and screamed again, and threw herself on me. Her lips were moving and she began to cry. The other "I" came out. His face was white.

His name was Kurose Jiro.

Sekiguchi fell silent, a thoughtful expression on his face. He poured himself a cup of sake.

"Another you," I laughed. "A fine *Doppelgänger* [double]."

He glanced up at me, but seemed to pay no attention to my words. Unsmiling, he went on with his story.

Kurose was all apologies. When he handed me his name

card I saw what the mistake had been. I lived in E-305, he in D-305. He had come into the wrong wing and gone up to my apartment.

My sister is named Kuniko. He was a civil engineer, and he had a cousin named Kuniko. His name was Jiro, so is mine. He lived alone with his wife. The coincidence was complete.

"I did think she seemed a little young. I've been married

"No car day" in Tokyo dramatizes the concentration of people in the world's largest city. (United Nations)

four years, after all," he said as he left. He said it as if he meant to flatter, but I was not up to being pleased. It weighed on my mind, the fact that until I opened the door neither of them had noticed the mistake.

"But I went off to the kitchen, and he sprawled out with the newspaper the way you always do. It didn't even occur to me that it wouldn't be you."

I reprimanded her, and she looked timidly around the room.

"Not just the room. They must be exactly like us themselves. You saw how he thought I was his wife. It scares me."

I was about to speak, but I did not. To mistake a person or a room—that made no difference. It happened all the time. What bothered me was that Kurose had mistaken our life for his own.

Kurose had been mistaken for me by my own wife. And were they as alike as all that? These apartment-house homecomings?

I knew of course that all the apartments were the same. But I asked myself: had our very ways of life become standardized?

You know what apartment-house life is like. It does have a terrible uniformity about it. The qualifications for getting in, and the need to get in—they mean that the standard of living is all on the same general level. All of us are even about the same age. But it seemed to me that the uniformity had gone beyond externals. It had gone to the very heart of things.

Take for instance when I have a quarrel with my wife. The wind always brings the same kind of quarrel in through the window from another apartment. It all seems so foolish that we stop fighting. So far so good; but then you come to realize that the people in the other apartments have their quarrels on this and this day of the month and this and this time of the day, and you are no exception yourself; and—this may seem a strange way to put it—the sacredness of quarreling disappears. A quarrel comes to be no more than a periodic outburst of hysteria. Think about it. It's not very exciting.

You go to the toilet, and over your head you hear someone pulling the chain and the toilet upstairs flushes. The same thing day after day. I hadn't paid too much attention, but it began to weigh on me.

I began to wonder whether identical surroundings and identical routines were bringing us to identical emotions and

identical outlets for them. And if so we were like all those toy soldiers lined up on a department-store counter. Like standardized puppets.

Where was there something that was mine? No one else's but mine? In this mass of people who so resembled one another, I was no more than one bean spread out to dry with the rest. I could not even identify myself among them all.

My wife said something that did not help matters. We were in bed.

"It's very strange. I go off to the toilet, and I hear water running up above and down below. We all do exactly the same thing."

I pulled away from her. We men of the apartment house proceeded every night, as if upon a signal, to go through the same motions.

And so I began to lose interest in them too. Each time my wife would whisper something to me, it would seem to me as if all through the building wives were whispering. I would hear a gale of whispers in the darkness and I would find myself frowning.

We may think we have something of our own. But we only have standardized days with standardized reactions.

It seemed intolerable. I was not a puppet!

Could I put much importance on my life when I could no longer be sure that I was myself and no one else? Could I love my wife? Believe I was loved by her?

I started to laugh, but did not. Sekiguchi was gazing earnestly at me.

Presently a faint smile came over his face.

He had always been a man, I remembered, who placed a high value on a smile.

"It's a very serious story," he said.

Kurose became for me the representative of all those numberless white-collar workers, all the apartment-house hus-

bands, the toy soldiers, exactly like myself. The representative of all those numberless people who were "I."

You will have guessed that after that foggy night I did not want to speak to the man. We were too much alike, and it would seem that, as he clutched his briefcase to his chest, he was avoiding me too. He always seemed to be scurrying off.

He had become a scapegoat for all those standardized toy soldiers—I hated them through him. I rejected all those standardized articles that were "I."

I resented him. He was not I. I was not one of them, those office workers so much like myself. I was *I*, I was most definitely not he. But where was the difference? Where was there positive evidence to establish the difference?

I was not a random spot. I was I, a particular person with the name Sekiguchi Jiro, someone not to be substituted for another, whoever he might be. So I said over and over to myself.

And yet where were the grounds for distinguishing me from them? Was there more than my name? A name is only a tag. Aside from my name, where was the evidence that I was not a random apartment-house dweller?

I had to build it—my independence, my individuality. I had to find something to distinguish me from those numberless ones who were Kurose Jiro.

A couple of weeks ago I found it. A charm. I've kept it secret from my wife. The problem is my own private one.

This is my charm.

Sekiguchi opened the heavy leather briefcase behind him and took out a bundle just small enough to hold in one hand. It was elaborately tied up in oil paper.

"Dynamite. The real thing."

With great dexterity he undid the knots, and for the first time in my life I saw dynamite, the real thing. There were four iron tubes perhaps eight inches long, bound tightly in wire, heavy for their size.

"This is my charm—my talisman," said Sekiguchi. "We talk and talk, but we can't get away from the uniformity. But when I am of a mind to I can blow all of them up and myself

Japanese Men Among World's Heaviest Smokers

A survey taken in 1976 revealed that 75% of adult males said they "smoke daily" or "smoke from time to time." Only 15% of adult females are smokers.

In Japan most women still feel guilty about smoking, although the number of female college students who smoke is up sharply to 20%. Japanese men remain among the heaviest smokers in the world.

Japan Report, July 16, 1977

too. This is what I came on. The secret that keeps me going. My uniqueness."

I handed the tubes back, and Sekiguchi turned a caressing gaze on their dark luster.

"I don't think I need any dynamite, thank you."

"Oh? That's too bad. I don't need it any more myself. I'm going to have to hunt up another charm."

"I don't know whether you're being funny or not, but it's dangerous. . . ."

Sekiguchi raised a hand to silence me. "Make no mistake," he laughed. "You're a very lucky person. I don't need it any more, because it's not my uniqueness any more." He paused. "Did you hear the news on the radio this evening?"

"No."

He smiled a wry smile. "There was a dynamite explosion on a bus. Three people were killed on the spot. The others got by with cuts and burns. It was near my apartment house."

"How did it happen?" I felt the effects of the sake leave me.

Sekiguchi did not look at me. Slowly and deliberately he put the bundle away.

"He always did carry his briefcase around like the most important thing in his life. And he avoided me. He must have

resented me as much as I resented him. He needed a charm too."

"Oh?"

Sekiguchi stretched out on the matting. His voice rose in a sort of lament. "They said it over the radio. The police think the dynamite was in a briefcase of one of the three people killed. An engineer named Kurose Jiro."

Half of Japan's Adults Have Driving Licenses

According to the National Police Agency, nearly half of all Japanese adults now have driving licenses for some type of vehicle, and an all-time high of one million people joined the driving population in the first half of this year.

The Agency said that 38,067,385 people had licenses as of the end of June 1978 — 28,302,974 males and 9,764,411 females. Women contributed to the driver population explosion, accounting for 90% of the increase in licenses for small motorbikes.

The Agency also pointed out that more than 90% of men between 30 and 34 possess driver's licenses, the highest rate among all age groups.

Japan Report, Oct. 16, 1978

Pure Land Poisoned Sea

Editor's Introduction: In a highly industrialized and populated society it is easy to lose one's sense of self; but the process is a subtle one, and not everyone is affected. A second process within industrialized societies is far from subtle and affects everyone: the deterioration of the physical environment.

Pollution of the air and water is one effect of economic growth. Today such pollution threatens the mental and physical health of almost every Japanese. Naturally enough, it threatens most directly those who live in the vicinity of major industries. On a single day in 1970, for example, photochemical smog in the Tokyo area sent 43 students from a single high school to the hospital. Most of them were treated and released, but five remained in the hospital for two or three days. On that same day and for the same reason, some six thousand people of all ages sought medical assistance.

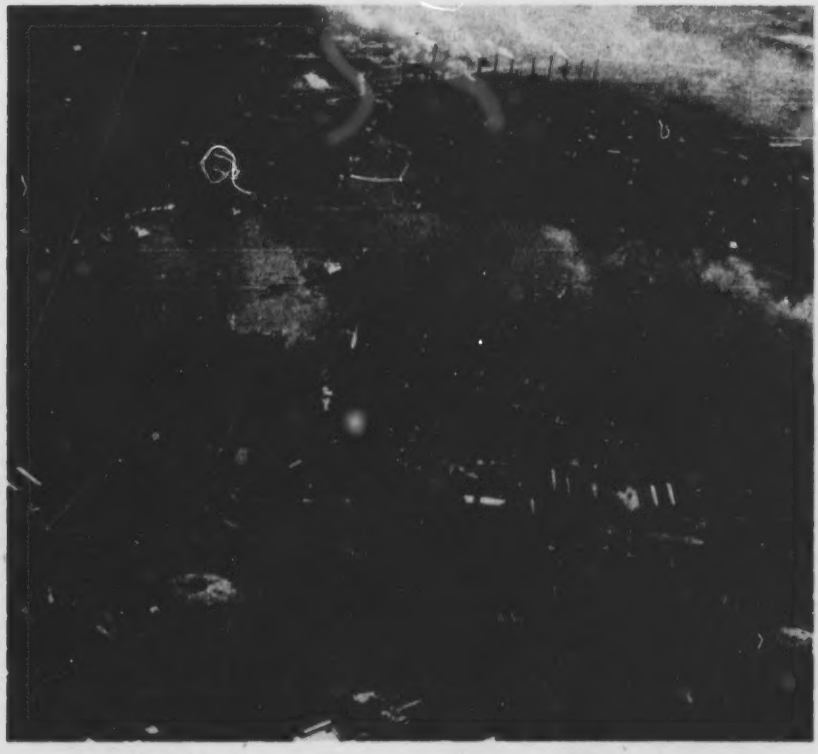
General debilitation, asthma, and lung cancer are some of the long-term effects of air pollution. These diseases are serious and sometimes fatal, but they are not spectacular enough to arouse a public outcry. However, Japan has some distinctive pollution diseases that are truly horrendous, and in the late 1960s public attention became riveted on these diseases and the issues they pose.

One of these ailments is the Minamata disease, named for the city in which it first appeared. In that area of western Japan, factories discharged methyl mercury wastes into the ocean. The chemical built up in the fish of the region, and when people ate the fish

Ishimure Michiko, "Pure Land Poisoned Sea," *Japan Quarterly*, 18:3 (July–September, 1971), 299–306. Translated by James Kirkup and Nakano Michio. Reprinted by permission.

over an extended period of time they became victims of the disease. Some fifty people have already died of Minamata disease, and many more suffer from it. The following selection, from a documentary novel, describes the suffering of one woman who contracted Minamata disease. What does she think of as she lies in bed? Why is confinement especially difficult for her?

THIS WHOLE PLACE is shaking: the bed, the ceiling, the floor, the door, the windows through which we can watch heat-waves dancing—all shaking and shuddering to Sakagami Yuki's convulsions. Ever since she recovered consciousness, these convulsions have been shaking her entire body.



In Japan as elsewhere, the price of affluence is environmental pollution. (Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)

After her convulsions started coming on every day and night, all those things with which she had always been familiar —fish, people, sky, windows—have been strangers to her gaze and to all her being. From time to time they come back to her, but only fitfully, in bits and pieces.

Though she keeps shaking incessantly, she tries to present a smiling face to the world, as she had always done when she was in good health. But as she is already over forty and has wasted away, her familiar and touching smile now withers on her lips as soon as it appears.

She tries hard, in the presence of visitors, to abide by her former surprisingly artless and honest nature. But we can see that sometimes she has to give way to fits of passion, because at such times her shaking becomes even more violent. This is because the behavior that usually revealed her honest heart cannot now be commanded by her will.

"My tongue gets all tied up in knots. So if you want to understand what I'm talking about, you'll have to sort it out for yourself. It used to be really lovely out on the sea . . ."

She speaks in a peculiar way, with long-drawn-out, fragmentary words, like a small child wheedling his mother and father. With her stumbling tongue she tells us she had never before spoken in this unsatisfactory and unpleasant manner, and that she feels sorry her speech has become so incomprehensible through the Minamata disease. Of course, it is not she who should feel ashamed. But we can understand it when she tells us she feels shame at having become a kind of deformed person in a freak show.

"Ever since I've been like this, I've loved my husband more than ever. I give him everything my visitors bring to comfort me in my sickness. Because you see my mouth trembles so, I cannot touch them. So I give it all to him. He's taken good care of me, you know. I went to him as his second wife—from Amakusa, across the water. We'd hardly been together three years when I was struck by this queer disease. Now I can't even put my kimono to rights. My hands and body are always shaking, as you can see. They shake away all on their own,

without my telling them. 'What a helpless woman you are, aren't you?' my husband tells me, as he helps me put my kimono to rights. And he tells me 'Put on these long drawers,' and he makes me put them on. (Real-ly . . . my . . . dear . . . I . . . real-ly . . . have . . . become . . . a . . . help-less . . . crea-ture?). I want to get better again. My mother and father always told me I'd have to work to make a living. I had never been sick before. Before this started, my hands, my legs—every part of me was good and strong.

"It was so lovely—it was really good to work out on the sea. Whatever happens, I want to get well and row the boat again. What a state I'm in now! I'm a useless housewife. . . . I used to be always on the go, a real live wire I was. My hands and legs were that strong! People always used to admire the way I kept at my work. I'm always thinking of what I should be doing, even when I'm in bed. Just now, it's the time to sow barley. I must sow barley. I should be starting to knock muck, too. I feel restless. Soon there'll be the grey mullet season coming along. Even in bed I keep worrying about these things.

"If I don't keep on working, our family can't make ends meet. Now I feel as if my body is gradually drifting away from this world. I have no grip. I can't grip anything firmly in my hands. I can't hold my husband's hands in mine; I can't even hold my own dear son in my arms. Well, I might be able to put up with that. But I can't even hold a bowl of rice which is the chief food in my life. I cannot hold my chopsticks. When I walk, I don't feel as if I am walking with both feet on the ground. I feel as if I'm all on my own, a long way from the earth. I feel so alone. You cannot imagine how lonely I feel. My husband's the only one I love. He's the only one I can rely on now. How I wish I could work again, and use my hands and my legs!

"It was good, working out on the sea. My husband would pull on the main oar, and me on the side one. We would row out to pull up our cuttlefish baskets and octopus pots. Grey mullets—those fish, and octopuses—they're lovely. From April to October it was always very calm off Lion Island.". . .

She would keep on talking like that—always talking to

herself. Mohei [Yuki's husband] would answer her in a voice—if it can be called a voice—that was a series of snorts and grunts. The two were a well-matched pair. Their catches were not very big. But they kept on getting moderate catches every day.

"It was really lovely, working out at sea. Those damned cuttlefish though are mean devils, and when we catch them, they spurt their ink; but the octopuses are very lovable. We would pull up a pot and find an octopus that didn't want to come out, his feelers gripping the bottom of the pot and rolling his eyes at me. 'Hey, you,' I would shout, 'you've got to come out now you've been pulled into the boat. Get a move on. Come on out!' That's the way I used to talk to them, but sometimes he still wouldn't come out. I would bang on the bottom, but still he would seem reluctant. As a last resort, I would stuff the helve of a hand-net into the pot and so force him to get out. Once he was out, he would try to scamper away. I was always surprised to see how he could run without getting his eight legs all tangled up. I used to have to scramble after him in such a hurry it's a wonder the boat was never overturned. After I've caught him I put him in a basket and start rowing again. Then he comes out of the basket and sits there on the basket very well-behaved. 'Hey you, you're one of the family now you're in our boat. Keep in the basket!' I tell him. But he's sulking, avoiding my eyes, and I feel that's his way of showing his affection for me. We feel a deep love for the things of the sea—even for the fish we are going to eat. Oh, it was lovely in those days. . . .

"—We've had to sell the boat, now.

"When I was in the University Hospital, I kept thinking only of the boat whenever it was windy or raining. My husband hoisted a flag on her and launched the boat when we were married. It's like our own child. You know how much care I took of that boat? I would mop the whole body of the boat clean. Between the fishing seasons, I would pull up all the octopus pots. I would scrape all the oyster shells and barnacles and weeds off the outsides of the pots and pile them in a hole in the rocks so they would be out of the rain.

"The pots are their houses. I wanted to make their houses clean for them. Fishermen always take good care of their equipment. There's a guardian deity on every boat and there's a soul in every piece of equipment we use. No woman would ever step over a fishing rod, you know.

"Well, we had to sell the boat we had taken so much care of, after I got this queer disease. That's what I regret most of all.

"I want to go to sea again.

"I can't take care of myself and so I feel sorry for my ancestors who taught me that I must make my own living and feed myself with my own hands and legs.

"In the old days they called a person like me who suffers from these convulsions a Jumping Jenny. But the convulsions they had in the old days were not as violent as ours. How awful it is! I can't hold chopsticks. I can't hold a rice bowl, my mouth never stops quivering. There's an attendant here who helps me with my meals. But what a performance it is! Three times a day, she puts rice in my mouth, but I always spill it, and I spill my soup too. I feel very sorry for her. Anyway, I can taste nothing. I can't take food as I keep spilling it. What a waste! Once a day would be enough for me, because they give me my food without my having to work for it. . . .

"I can't do anything by myself. I want to get my own body back. The body I have now is not like my own.

"I never want to eat anything now. But I like a smoke. They didn't allow me to smoke before. My husband could not smoke his cigarettes in my room.

"When I recovered a little and began to be able to walk again I was walking down the corridor to go and be examined by the doctor when I found a cigarette end on the floor. I had not smoked since I lost my mental balance, so I was very pleased. 'Oh, there's a cigarette end! How lovely! Lovely! Just let me get my hands on it!' With these thoughts in mind, I began to direct my steps carefully toward it. But I could only walk in a zigzag way. I tried to stand still, but the top half of my body kept swaying. Anyhow, I tried to make straight for

the butt. 'It's about twenty feet away. I must walk straight ahead or I shall miss it.'

"I tried to take a step forward, but I couldn't, as my legs were giving way. 'Oh, to think these are my own pair of legs and I can't do a thing with them!' I felt so vexed. Then these damned convulsions came on. The convulsions are cruel! They are cruel!

"Without my wanting them to, my legs suddenly began to dash in all directions. I couldn't stop it. I ran right past the cigarette end. 'Oh, no! These convulsions! Not again!' In the midst of these thoughts, I began to feel dizzy. I stopped for a moment and looked back. I wanted to go in that direction but my legs wouldn't let me . . . I was falling down, my dear! My husband took hold of my back. My body was sticking out backwards. When I fall, I fall backwards as if I were starting back from something. But before I fell the convulsions came on again and suddenly I started forwards again. I have never run in such a confused manner—tumbling and jumping—even when I used to run at the school sports when I was a schoolgirl. Without my wanting them to, my legs started running away with themselves in the silliest way.

"I ran around in such a way no one could stop me. Everyone stared in surprise. But I was the one who suffered most. Tears flowed down my cheeks. I got out of breath. Suddenly

Life Expectancy Increases

The life expectancy of the average Japanese male reached a new high of 72.97 years in 1978. The average Japanese woman now has a life expectancy of 78.33 years.

The U.S. figures for 1978 were 69.2 years for men and 76.9 years for women.

the convulsions stopped and my legs went all stiff. I was able to catch my breath for a moment. I looked around and wondered where the cigarette end was. Gasping, I told my husband I wanted to smoke. With tears in his eyes, he told me that as I wanted it so much, I might smoke. Since then they have allowed me to smoke. But I am allowed to smoke only one third of a cigarette every day."

First Uranium Plant for Japan

Japan's first pilot plant with centrifugal separators to produce enriched uranium for nuclear power reactors started operations on Sept. 12, 1979.

The inauguration of this plant in western Japan marks a major step forward toward domestic production of the nation's nuclear fuel needs. When it goes into full operation in October 1981 the facility will be able to produce enough enriched uranium each year to run a 500,000 kilowatt nuclear power plant.

Japan Report, October 16, 1979

Pollution Damage: Who Pays?

Editor's Introduction: Pollution of the environment is today a fact of life, in Japan and in America. In both countries there is growing awareness of the need to take corrective steps.

But who is to pay for these steps? Should local or national governments foot the bill? Or should the industrial plants that bear primary responsibility also bear part of the cost? And how do we determine responsibility? What does "responsibility" mean?

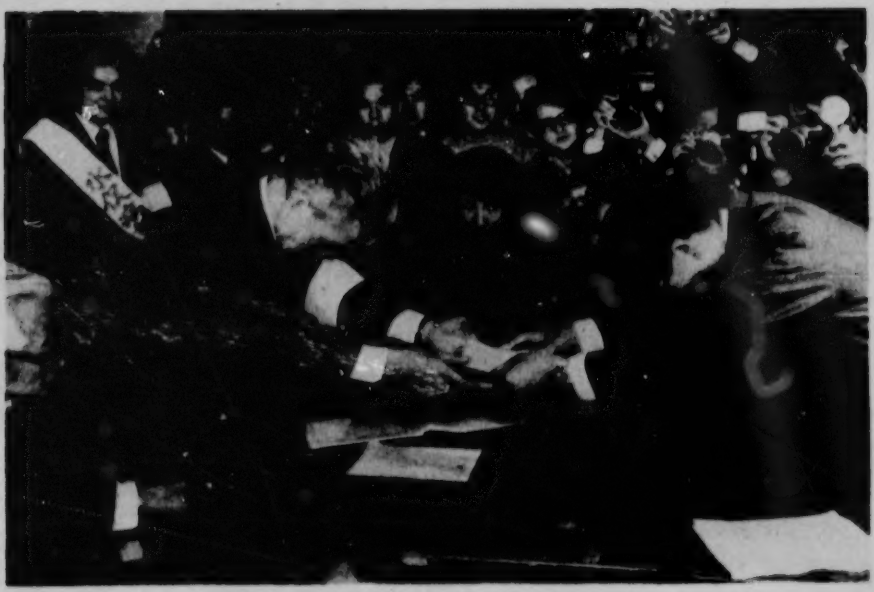
In the case of Japan's pollution diseases, how shall the victims be compensated? By whom? Obviously, no amount of money can buy back the health of the woman whose story you have just read. But what *are* the obligations of industrial enterprises that have wreaked ecological destruction?

The next selection describes a recent law suit against the company considered responsible for the Minamata disease. What did the Japanese court decide? What effect do you think this decision will have on pollution in Japan?

IN THE FISHING town of Minamata in southern Japan twenty years ago, cats began dancing in the streets and fell dead, writhing in pain. Dogs and pigs went mad. Crows dropped from the sky.

Then the mysterious malady struck human beings. It destroyed their control over their arms and legs, made them blind

Richard Halloran, "A Case Against Pollution," © 1973 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.



An executive of a chemical firm (right) presents a check for $3.54 million to a lawyer representing the families of 67 persons who died of Minimata disease contracted by eating contaminated fish. (Wide World Photos)

and deaf, and killed them. It hit babies in their mothers' wombs and condemned them to live after birth as mental and physical vegetables.

Last week [mid-March, 1973] the storm stirred up by this phenomenon culminated in a court decision that underscored the growing concern about pollution in Japan.

Medical researchers had determined by the late 1950s that the victims had been poisoned by mercury. They traced the mercury to fish and shellfish eaten by the victims. The mercury, in turn, was traced to sludge at the bottom of Minamata Bay dumped by the chemical plant of the Chisso Corporation.

The company denied it was responsible, and some of the victims eventually went to court in 1969. The case ended last week when a district judge ruled that Chisso was at fault and

ordered it to pay $3.6 million in damages to 138 persons in 30 families. It was the highest industrial-pollution claim yet awarded in Japan. The company accepted the decision and agreed to compensate other victims who had not gone to court.

The Minamata decision was the last of four major court tests here. All ended in favor of the victims. Together, the decisions set a legal precedent holding industrial companies liable for the effects of their pollution and gave new stimulus to demands that Japan be cleaned up.

In a recent published survey, Ui Jun, a chemical engineer at Tokyo University and an acknowledged authority on pollution, says, "We Japanese are living in the most heavily polluted country in the world." He blames it on "the rapid development of the economy, the symbiotic [mutually reinforcing] relationship between political power and industry, a very weak conception of basic human rights, and the degenerate use of science and technology."

Editor's Postscript: The four major cases have established a principle of responsibility without criminal guilt. That is, the companies are liable for damages but not for criminal action.

In 1971 a new law became operative that is designed specifically to make possible the criminal prosecution of industries that endanger human life or health.

But what are the long-range prospects for the Japanese environment? Civil and criminal prosecution can begin to make amends for specific and extreme cases of damage to life and health, but does this action really get at the heart of the problem? Is pollution the result of the "degenerate use of science and technology"? Or is it an inevitable by-product of science and technology?

The Japanese People and Nature

Editor's Introduction: "We Japanese are living in the most heavily polluted country in the world." Does this mean that the Japanese have little regard for nature?

The following essay gives at least a partial answer to this question by tracing the use of nature in Japanese literature. How would you characterize the Japanese view of nature?

NATURE HAS NOT been overly generous to the Japanese. She has given them an island country with less than 20 per cent flat land; the rest, or more than 80 per cent, consists of mountains. She has given them an extra helping of natural disasters: volcanoes, earthquakes, typhoons. But in past ages the Japanese have responded more with appreciation of natural bounty than with fear of natural disaster. Among the names for Japan in the earliest myths are "The Land of Luxuriant Reed Plains" and "The Land of Fresh Rice Ears of a Thousand Autumns."

The native Japanese religion, Shinto, included the worship of nature. The sun and moon were considered divine beings, and the Sun Goddess was the most important of all Shinto gods. Even rocks and trees and flowers were considered in some sense divine.

It should not surprise us, then, to find that the Japanese throughout their history have lived close to nature and referred

By Richard H. Minear.

to nature to express their deepest feelings. Consider these three poems, written in the seventh and eighth centuries A.D.

Countless are the mountains in Yamato,
But perfect is the heavenly hill of Kagu;
When I climb it and survey my realm,
Over the wide plain the smoke-wreaths rise and rise,
Over the wide lake the gulls are on the wing;
A beautiful land it is, the Land of Yamato!

—Emperor Jomei (593–641)

The mallards call with evening from the reeds
And float with dawn midway on the water;
They sleep with their mates, it is said,
With white wings overlapping and tails asweep
Lest the frost should fall upon them.
As the stream that flows never returns,
And as the wind that blows is never seen,
My wife, of this world, has left me,
Gone I know not whither!
So here, on the sleeves of these clothes
She used to have me wear
I sleep now all alone!
Cranes call flying to the reedy shore;
How desolate I remain
As I sleep alone!

—Tajihi (eighth century)

I will think of you, love,
On evenings when the gray mist
Rises above the rushes,
And chill sounds the voice
Of the wild ducks crying.

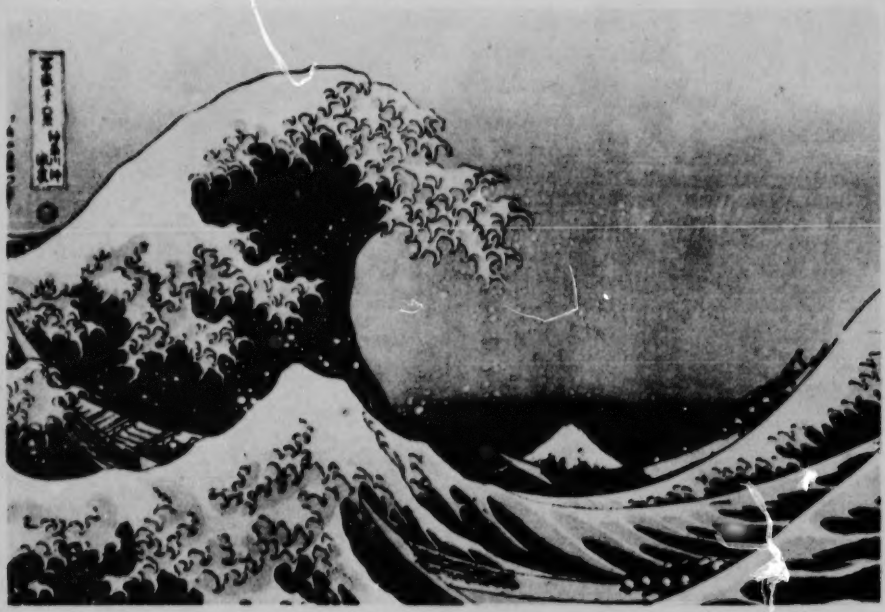
—Poem of a frontier guard*

By the fourteenth century Japan had become a very different place. In the intervening 600 years, Japan had borrowed almost a whole culture from its Asian neighbor, China. In the tenth and eleventh centuries there developed around the Em-

* *Manyoshu* (Tokyo, 1940), pp. 3, 95, 283. Translations by the Japanese Classics Translation Committee. Reprinted by permission.

peror's court one of the most refined and exquisite cultures the world has ever seen. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, that court culture fell into decline, and a society of warriors, monks, and peasants took its place.

It was this society that was first attracted to Zen Buddhism and that developed the art of landscape gardening. Japanese landscape artists sought both to reproduce nature and to compel the viewer to stop and reflect. The best-known of these gardens is made up primarily of sand and rocks. Each morning a monk rakes the sand into wave patterns to give the impression of a vast sea, in which the rocks appear to be islands. Western architects sometimes seek to create a serene and re-



Respect for the power of nature is dramatically illustrated by this famous wood-block print, "The Great Wave at Kanagawa," executed in 1823–29 by one of Japan's best-known artists, Hokusai. Mt. Fuji is in the background. (The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Howard Mansfield Collection, Rogers Fund, 1936)

flective atmosphere in a cathedral or a chapel; in Japan landscape artists have used different means—gardens—to the same end.

Yoshida Kenko was a leading figure in the new society of Zen and landscape gardening. The following passages come from a daybook he kept for his own entertainment around the year 1330. Interest in the changing seasons, so evident here, is prevalent in Japanese literature. As this selection indicates, the seasons in Japan are very similar to the seasons in the northeastern United States.

> The changing of the seasons is deeply moving in its every manifestation. People seem to agree that autumn is the best season to appreciate the beauty of things. That may well be true, but the sights of spring are even more exhilarating. The cries of the birds gradually take on a peculiarly springlike quality, and in the gentle sunlight the bushes begin to sprout along the fences. Then, as spring deepens, mists spread over the landscape and the cherry blossoms seem ready to open, only for steady rains and winds to cause them to scatter precipitously. . . .
>
> Orange blossoms are famous for evoking memories, but the fragrance of plum blossoms above all makes us return to the past and remember nostalgically long-ago events. . . .
>
> In the fifth month [summer], the irises bloom and the rice seedlings are transplanted. . . . Then, in the sixth month, you can see the whiteness of moonflowers glowing over wretched hovels, and the smoldering of mosquito incense is affecting too. . . .
>
> The celebration of Tanabata [an early autumn festival] is charming. Then, as the nights gradually become cold and the wild geese cry, the under-leaves of the bush clover turn yellow, and men harvest and dry the first crop of rice. So many moving sights come together, in autumn especially. . . . Winter decay is hardly less beautiful than autumn. Crimson leaves lie scattered on the grass beside the ponds, and how delightful it is on a morning when the frost is very white to see the vapor rise from a garden stream. At the end of the year it is indescribably moving to see everyone hurrying about on errands. There is some-

Winter sports flourish in Japan, a nation where 80 per cent of the land is mountainous. The winter Olympics were held in Sapporo in 1968. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

thing forlorn about the waning winter moon, shining cold and clear in the sky, unwatched because it is said to be depressing. . . .*

Between the 1330s, when Yoshida wrote, and the 1600s, Japan again saw great changes. Disunity and fighting yielded to unity and peace. The society of warriors, monks, and peasants was forced to make room for a new and active group of people: merchants and other city dwellers. Commerce and city life became the themes of the age.

* *Essays in Idleness*, translated by Donald Keene (New York: Columbia University Press, 1967), pp. 18–20. Reprinted by permission.

The *haiku* is a verse form that developed in this age of bustle. A *haiku* poem is made up of only 17 syllables arranged in three lines of, respectively, 5, 7, and 5 syllables. *Haiku* seem simple, and the form did make it possible for more people to write more poetry. One man is supposed to have written 20,000 *haiku*—in a single day!

Nevertheless, *haiku* are not simple. The ideal *haiku* contains two elements: first, a general setting of the scene or mood or condition; second, a statement of something momentary and startling, a sudden flash of insight.

As the following *haiku*, all by the seventeenth-century poet Basho, indicate, the world of nature maintained its hold on the Japanese imagination even in a world of city life and commerce.

Kiyotaki ya	Clear cascades!
Nami ni chiri naki	In the waves immaculate,
Natsu no tsuki	The summer moon.
Chō tori no	To bird and butterfly
Shiranu hana ari	It is unknown, this flower here:
Aki no sora	The autumn sky.
Furuike ya	The ancient pond
Kawazu tobikomu	A frog leaps in
Mizu no oto	The sound of the water.

—Basho*

* *Haiku* 1 and 3 were translated by Donald Keene; *haiku* 2 by Harold G. Henderson. Donald Keene, ed., *Anthology of Japanese Literature* (New York: Grove Press, 1955), pp. 378, 384; Donald Keene, ed., *Japanese Literature* (London: John Murray, 1953), p. 39. Reprinted by permission.

A Tale of Whales

Editor's Introduction: The Japanese have always lived close to nature. Why, then, do they tolerate the spectacular deterioration of their natural environment? What could be more important to them than the preservation of this environment?

One aspect of the world-wide ecological crisis is the threat to the continued existence of various forms of wildlife. In the 1960s Americans and other Westerners became increasingly aware that whales were in danger of extinction as a result of overhunting. The issue seems a simple one: unless whales are protected, and soon, they will disappear. However, when the interests of many nations are concerned, no issue is ever simple.

The following essay first appeared as an editorial in a magazine aimed at Western readers. The author's name is not given, but it is safe to assume that he is Japanese. His closing reference to Vietnam is indicative of the outrage many Japanese felt at American actions in Indochina.

What are the arguments for and against whaling? Who speaks for the whale?

In June, 1972, the United Nations sponsored a Conference on the Human Environment in Stockholm, Sweden. This conference adopted a resolution that commercial whaling should be stopped altogether for ten years. The news of this resolution came as a great shock to Japan. It made the headlines of vir-

"A Whale of a Problem," *Japan Quarterly*, 19:4 (October–December, 1972), 391–94. Adapted by permission.

tually every newspaper in Japan. For Japan has reason to have greater concern for the whale than any other country in the world. Why? Because in Japanese life the whale ranks with the cow and the pig as an important source of protein. . . .

A high official of the Japanese government's Fishery Agency reacted immediately. Japan, he stated, had already agreed to a ban on the catching of any species of whale considered (by competent scientific analysts) to be in danger of extinction. Japan respects the competence of the International Whaling Committee, which has designated four species of whale (including the blue whale) as endangered species. These species the Japanese do not hunt.

However, he went on, the recommendation for a complete ban on whaling was totally unrealistic, idealistic, and lacking in scientific rationale. Such a ban was entirely unacceptable to Japan. The Conference on the Human Environment, he concluded, had no competence to initiate a moratorium on whaling. In a similar vein, the chief industry spokesman made it clear that under no circumstances would Japan consider itself bound by the resolution.

The International Whaling Committee met in London immediately after the Stockholm conference. The Japanese government sent its delegates with firm instructions to stop the ten-year moratorium. At this meeting the United States campaigned for support for the Stockholm resolution. But Japan and the Soviet Union both urged its rejection. In effect, they demanded that catching operations continue.

The American side called for a complete ban on whaling. It made no mention of a ten-year period, and thus it was even more drastic than the Stockholm resolution. The result of the vote: four in favor, six against, four abstaining.

Clearly, the American side had not presented a compelling case. . . . Still, the International Whaling Committee did act to reduce the number of whales to be caught in 1972. That figure is down one third from 1971. . . .

Japan and the U.S.S.R. are the only countries in the world that engage in large-scale whaling. The North Atlantic quota

for the U.S.S.R. in 1972 was very low: 359 blue-whale units, down from 550 units in 1971. [Blue whales are now protected, but catches continue to be measured in "blue whale units."] Some observers feel that this new quota will bring an end to Russian whaling in the North Atlantic. An industry reduced to a catch of 359 units, they feel, cannot make ends meet.

In Japan's case, the quota for North Pacific whaling fell 30 per cent and for Antarctic whaling, 20 per cent. Still, operations will continue. Why? Because Japan utilizes *all* of the whales it catches, including the whale meat. As a result, the Japanese whaling industry has a stronger economic base than the Russian or American and is able to operate even under the new restrictions.

To the Japanese, whale meat is a staple food. There are "whale restaurants" that serve nothing but whale meat—thin sliced whale meat (raw) on rice, fried whale meat, whale steaks. While other nations discard whale meat, Japan consumes 140,000 *tons* of it each year. This is roughly ten per cent of all the meat consumed in Japan. Whale meat has a certain natural popularity in Japan, for it costs about half as much as beef. As a result, popular or not, it is featured in school lunch programs.

Japan also makes use of most other parts of the whale, from snout to tail. Whale bones become buttons, pipes, mah-jong pieces, brooches. The tendons of the whale's head become tennis raquet strings. Whale oil (some 70,000 tons a year) is used in margarine, shortenings, detergents, high-grade alcohol, and cosmetics. Whale products contribute to the seasoning of ham and sausage, and to the manufacture of such medicines as liver oil and insulin. There are literally dozens of uses to which Japan puts the whale.

Altogether, the whaling industry grosses around $100 million annually. That figure is just over 2 per cent of Japan's total income from fishing. Since demand exceeds domestic supply, Japan imports whale products. In 1970, Japan imported 17,000 tons of whale products, including 15,000 tons of whale meat. . . .

In all, approximately 8,000 people are directly engaged in

whaling. Eight thousand becomes 20,000 if you include all the processors of whale products, and 20,000 swells to 100,000 if you include the families of these workers. The large fishing companies can cushion the shock by diverting their staffs to other jobs, but the small operators will lose their livelihood should whaling be prohibited.

The source of the American pressure for a complete ban on the catching of whales is a fear that otherwise this giant mammal will disappear forever from the oceans of the world. American scientists have recorded the voice of the whale. They have circulated their recording widely as part of their effort to get whaling banned. American conservationists never lose an opportunity in any international forum to plead with the world for the protection of the whale. In Japan, too, voices are speaking up in defense of the whale. The former chancellor of Tokyo University has formed an organization called the "Society for the Protection of the Whale," and Oe Kenzaburo, a very distinguished author, has published a book entitled "The Day the Whale Became Extinct"—a plea for its protection.

There is no doubt that indiscriminate catching has sadly depleted the world's whale population. And Japan must bear some of the responsibility. In the early years after 1945, when food was very scarce in Japan, whale meat was a crucial source of protein. Hence Japan's fishing companies outdid each other in hunting the whale. In 1960, for example, *seven* fleets entered the Antarctic waters and caught some 6,000 blue whale units —in 1960 alone! One veteran hunter had caught personally something like 10,000 whales by the time he retired in 1969.

But this postwar activity was not limited to Japan. In 1960 Norway killed some 5,000, Russia 3,000, Great Britain 2,000, and Holland 1,000 blue whale units. As it became evident that whales were decreasing in number and perhaps facing extinction, the International Whaling Committee agreed upon a total world catch for 1963, and quotas for each country were set up. This total world catch was reduced progressively in subsequent years. Moreover, in certain areas and at certain times an absolute prohibition was imposed on taking blue, humpback, and

sperm whales. Great Britain, Holland, and Norway were interested only in whale oil, and these restrictions have caused their whaling industries to cease operations. Today only Japan and the U.S.S.R. still catch whales.

The International Whaling Treaty now totally prohibits the catching of four species: right, gray, blue, and humpback whales. Moreover, by 1971 the total world catch quota had fallen to 2300, and further special quotas on particular species were in force for 1972.

These restrictions are already severe, and still the United States urges an end to *all* whaling. To the Japanese whaling industry, the indignation of the Americans seems somehow artificial. After all, only seventy years ago the Americans hunted the Pacific whale without mercy. The Americans seem to think they have a monopoly on concern for the whale, but Japanese representatives point out how mistaken this is. Japan knows better than any other country how grave the loss would be should whales become extinct. Japan can be relied on to observe the terms of the International Whaling Treaty meticu-

Tokyo to Recycle Rubbish Into Fertilizer, Fuel Gas

A government-developed pilot plant that will recycle city rubbish into fertilizer, pulp chips, and fuel gas is now under construction. The plant eventually will be able to recycle 100 tons of rubbish daily.

One end product will be enough gas fuel to keep 2,000 houses warm. The plant will also convert garbage into 28 tons of fertilizer and 25 tons of paper pulp chips daily.

Kyodo News, quoted in *Japan Report*, July 1, 1978.

lously. Some Japanese commentators have noticed an apparent absurdity in the American position: the United States exerts itself to protect whales, and yet at the same time it is killing tens of thousands of human beings in Vietnam. . . .

The plight of the whales has lent drama and poignancy to the ecological movement. It has led increasing numbers of people to realize that irreplaceable natural resources must not be destroyed. In this sense, the plight of the whales has given the Japanese reason to think about the broader problem of marine resources as a whole.

Switch Off

Editor's Introduction: The most common form of environmental destruction is pollution of the air. A major cause of air pollution is the automobile.

In Japan, as elsewhere, prosperity has brought a growing demand for private cars. Today more than 20,000,000 cars and trucks throng a highway network that was designed to carry only a fraction of that number. Further, that highway network cannot readily be expanded or improved: the construction of new highways is even more expensive in Japan than in the United States, where the cost is astronomical.

The rapid growth of car owning has had many adverse effects on the environment of Japan. The most obvious is air pollution, and this may well be the most critical. But there are others. Cars make noise. Cars need space to park. (No Japanese city has adequate parking facilities, and few Japanese homes have a garage or a place to put a garage.)

But there seems to be no way, short of special legislation, to keep people from buying private cars, and special legislation would be next to impossible to pass. Japan's auto industry is a major pillar of the economy and therefore has a powerful influence on government policies.

There are a few rays of light in this otherwise gloomy picture. More and more people are beginning to realize that the unlimited use of private cars may mean the death of the city as we know it today. This realization has led municipal authorities in several Jap-

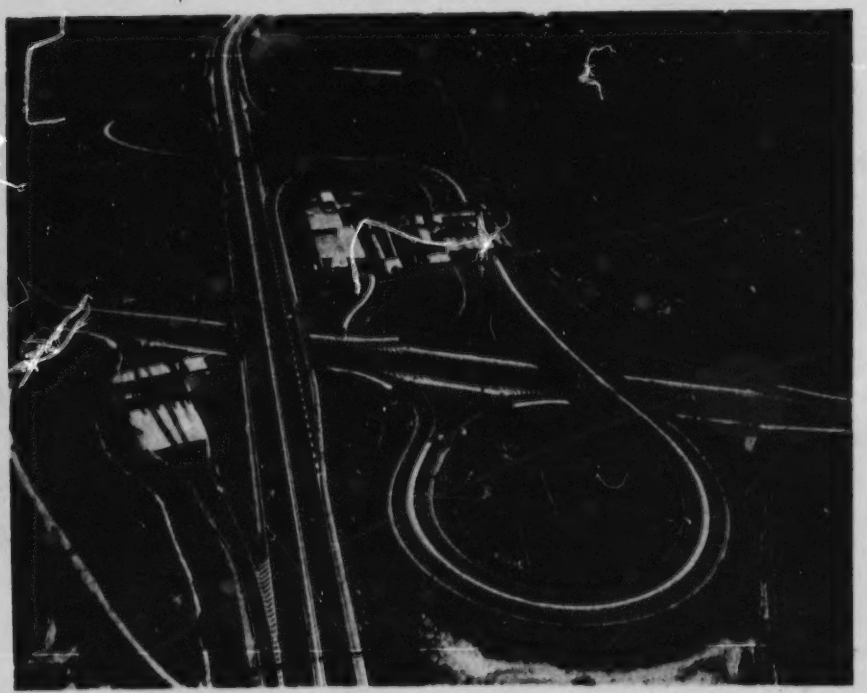
Sakai Denroku, "Switch Off," *Japan Quarterly*, 19:2 (April–June, 1972), 218–20. Reprinted by permission.

anese cities to declare "no-car days." By prohibiting driving by city residents on these days, these cities have cut traffic and improved the quality of the air.

Regulations imposed by municipal, state, or national officials represent one form of attack on the problem. A second consists of decisions and actions by individual citizens. As the following essay shows, the reaction against cars indicates a growing awareness of ecological crisis and a growing concern with the quality of life.

How does your awareness of the problem of pollution affect your desire to own or drive a car?

TIME AND TIME again, car salesmen have called upon me. Time and time again, my friends have done their best to win me over.



This concrete cloverleaf, impressive as it is, robs the Japanese of scarce fertile land, and the vehicles that use it spread exhaust fumes over the surrounding area—one more price of progress. (Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)

Nonetheless, I have never become the owner of a motorcar, and I have never in fact even considered becoming one. Some of my friends have gone so far as to call me an anachronistic [outdated] fossil. For me, however, the prospect of being called an anachronism holds no terror at all. In my opinion, the automobile is guilty of twofold sins against mankind; my anti-automotive attitude springs from a desire to avoid these evils.

The first of the crimes committed by the automobile is external and exterior by nature. This includes a variety of offenses, from the most blatant and obvious crime, the killing and maiming of numberless human beings, through pollution of the air by exhaust gases, to the noise of traffic. In Japan, the human casualty rate is showing a particularly marked increase. The number of persons killed annually by the automobile exceeded 10,000 in 1959, 12,000 in 1960 and 13,000 in 1964. Subsequently, even this record was surpassed in 1969 when the number of annual fatalities reached 16,000.

Such is the extent of the human sacrifice demanded by this material Moloch [a god demanding great sacrifice], the motorcar. In addition, we must include the destruction of nature as another of the external ills resulting from the automobile, which greedily insists upon the building of innumerable concrete highways and parking lots as its due. It destroys mountains and forests, meadows and farmlands—in a word, nature itself. The very idea of getting "back to nature" even provides an excuse for the odd spectacle of row upon row of motorcars thronging into the heart of the mountains.

The second great evil resulting from the automobile is internal and personal. By this I mean the diabolical transformation which takes place in most drivers the instant that they touch the steering wheel.

When people grasp the controls of a car, they turn into savages. They put on speed and more speed. They attempt to pass other drivers. They blast away on their horns as though they were madmen. With furious glares or curses, they attack the drivers of other cars that may happen to overtake them.

At the same time, however, if these very same people happened to be on foot, they would, in all probability, never dream of acting so barbarously. When the thoroughfares are crowded, they grow irritated, and mutter angrily about "the number of cars on the road these days." Never, of course, do they stop to reflect that they themselves are contributing to the problem. When they enter a small by-way hardly wide enough to permit the passage of a single car, they roar through it, scattering terrified pedestrians in all directions and rejoicing all the while over having found a good short cut. They think it no shame to park their cars so as to block entrance to other people's very doorsteps. Thanks to this destructive psychological influence exerted by cars upon their drivers, more than 16,000 human beings are slaughtered annually. Nevertheless, in spite of the appalling number of dead and wounded, the drivers all too often hide behind a cowardly, quibbling line of reasoning, claiming that they themselves are innocent of the murders. Is it possible that the automobiles are to blame? . . . Truly, when drivers drive, they lose all trace of conscience and human feeling.

Or, rather, we must go further and say that this dehumanizing tendency is not limited only to those times when drivers are clutching their levers and steering wheels. To a car owner, his car is as precious as a treasure or a loved one. If anyone else should touch his car, or smudge it, the owner immediately loses his emotional equilibrium. It is not unusual to hear of car-owning schoolteachers who have struck pupils for soiling their cars.

How are we to interpret the emotional make-up of drivers? Can it be that they are making use of noise and speed to rid themselves of daily frustrations? Does becoming the owner of a car give one the delusion of being also the master of a world? Do the intoxicating fumes of petrol and upholstery leather cause drivers to undergo a Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation? Whatever the reason, people driving cars do turn into complete egoists; even into veritable beasts. Surely, there is no one who has not seen the . . . struggles for supremacy taking

place on the roadways in the course of everyday traffic—small cars lording it over bicycles, large cars over medium-sized vehicles, and dump-trucks over large cars (almost as if to say "I'll smash you if you don't clear out of my way"). For this reason, we cannot hope to solve the problem simply through the invention of the so-called exhaust-free automobile. Even though this may reduce the degree of air pollution, it will not do away with

Mass-transit systems are a possible solution to the problems of highway crowding and air pollution. Japan has one of the best rail systems in the world, but it is still not adequate to accommodate all the passengers in comfort. (United Nations)

the destructive effect of the automobile upon the human psyche.

When I reflect upon the matter in this way, I deplore the present state of affairs, in which more than twenty million cars are racing about throughout Japan's all too narrow land area. I am therefore in complete accord with the "no-car movement"

which is actually being carried out on certain appointed days in the Tokyo suburban town of Hachiōji and other cities. I am aware that many people feel that this movement amounts to a form of tyranny, insofar as it is advocated and handed down from above by the heads of city government. But I cannot agree with them, for they are viewing the problem in a form far distorted from its real nature.

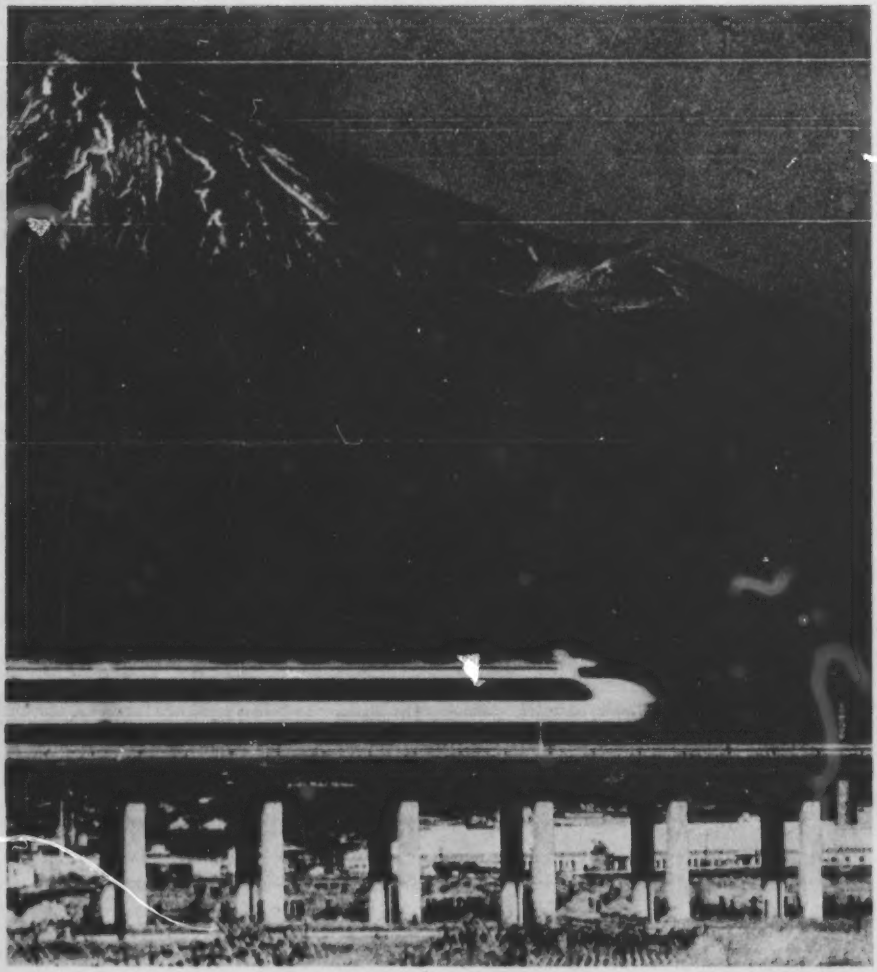
If there exist persons who regard the ownership of a car as a symbol of social status, they are probably gullible souls who have believed all the inveiglements [enticements] of car salesmen. If there are people who believe that cars bring freedom to humanity, they are doubtless overly simple-minded, for in actuality cars both confine people and drive them into madness. As for those who truly seek for freedom, they are more likely to abandon automobiles or seek to do away with them. . . .

At this point, I call to mind my travels through the U.S.A. and the Polynesian islands extending over a two-and-a-half month period in 1969. America is a nation of machines, and I cannot deny that in some respects machines have made the daily lives of its people easier and more convenient. Nevertheless, we must recognize the sad truth that machines have also made puppets of them. Lunar rockets, nuclear weapons, automobiles, computers—is it not true that all these blessings have brought tragedy to the American people? In the so-called uncivilized islands of Polynesia, the moving force of life is found in nature. There the evils created by machines do not exist, and human beings are able to live a life in tune with a peaceful rhythm of their own amid the luxuriance of nature. They are utterly free from the poisonous elixirs of strife, vanity, and deceptive trickery.

Editor's Postscript: The private car boom would be easier to understand if Japan had an underdeveloped system of mass transportation. But this is not the case. Indeed, Japan's train, subway, and bus service is remarkably quick, efficient, and inexpensive. Most spectacular is the high-speed express line between Tokyo and

The Bullet, the world's fastest train at 150 mph, races past Mt. Fuji, providing a sharp contrast between the world of technology and the world of nature. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

Osaka, completed in 1964. Its trains run at speeds of up to 150 miles per hour, yet there has not been a single collision or derailment. During 1975 this line carried an average of 470,000 passengers *per day*. The total number of passengers carried in its first 12 years of operation is roughly eight times the total population of Japan.



This express line is the showpiece of Japan's publicly owned national railroad system. The national railroad system is supplemented by a number of private railroads, and in the cities buses and subways supplement the train system. During rush hour at Tokyo Station, for example, trains depart every thirty seconds—from the same platform.

In Japan as elsewhere, the use of private cars reduces the use of public transportation. Decreasing numbers of passengers mean increases in fares and a decline in services, which in turn stimulate the desire for private cars. If our experience in the United States is any indication this vicious cycle may well be unbreakable.

Zen Meditation

PART I

Editor's Introduction: The writer who switched off saw one answer to today's machine-ridden life in escape to a non-industrial utopia. In a choice between the United States and Polynesia, he favored Polynesia—or so he claimed.

Others who have become disenchanted with industrial society, its affluence and its pollution, have found alternative values in Japan's own tradition. Many people, Japanese and foreigners, have turned in particular to Zen Buddhism.

Zen Buddhism developed in Japan in the centuries before 1600, when the warrior-forebears of the samurai class we have read about lived and died by the sword. The connection between Zen and the warriors is not coincidental; many warriors found the discipline of Zen a very useful part of their training. It gave them a single-mindedness, a concentration, that helped them become formidable archers and swordsmen.

Zen is, of course, no longer the exclusive preserve of the samurai. Nor is it the only important strain of the Japanese religious and intellectual tradition that survives today. But Zen has always had a special fascination for the West. For many Americans, the word itself has an almost magic ring. It speaks of "Oriental mysticism," of rigid discipline, of final enlightenment.

In the following selection Philip Kapleau, an American businessman, describes his experience with Zen meditation. At the age of

Philip Kapleau, *The Three Pillars of Zen* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1967), pp. 208–29. Excerpted and reprinted by permission.

46 he decided to give up his career and go to Japan to pursue *satori*, the sudden illumination or enlightenment that is the ultimate goal of Zen.

Meditation is important to all Buddhist sects, but especially to Zen. Kapleau spent more than five years in his pursuit of *satori*. During that time he kept a diary. The excerpts included here begin shortly before he leaves the United States. Why did he drop out? What did he find?

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1953 / . . . Belly aching all week, Doc says ulcers are getting worse. . . . Allergies kicking up too. . . . Can't sleep without drugs. . . . So miserable wish I had the guts to end it all.

APRIL 20, 1953 / Attended S——'s Zen lecture today. As usual, could make little sense out of it. . . . Why do I go on with these lectures? Can I ever get satori listening to philosophic explanations . . . and why A isn't A and all the rest of that? What the hell is satori anyway? Even after four of S——'s books and dozens of his lectures, still don't know. I must be awfully stupid. . . . But I know this, Zen philosophy isn't ridding me of my pain or restlessness or that damn "nothing" feeling. . . .

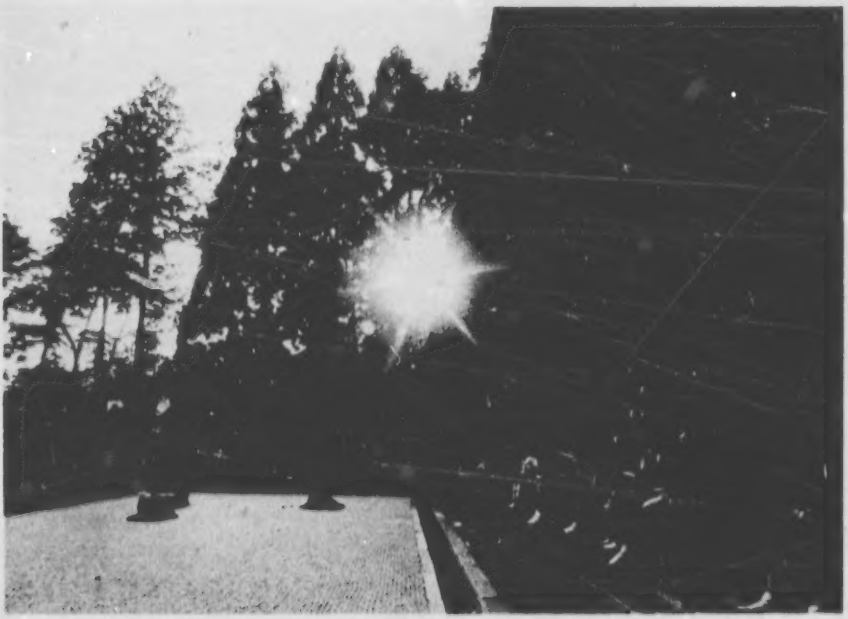
Only last week a close friend complained: "You're forever spouting Zen philosophy, but you've hardly become more serene or considerate since you've begun studying it. If anything, it's made you supercilious and condescending. . . ."

JUNE 1, 1953 / Talked with K—— about Zen and Japan until two this morning. . . . Like S—— he's Japanese and has practiced Zen but they have little else in common. . . .

Pelted K—— all night with: "If I go to Japan to train in Zen, can you assure me I'll be able to find some meaning in life? Will I absolutely get rid of my ulcers and allergies and sleeplessness? My two years of attending Zen lectures in New York have neither mitigated my constant frustration nor, if I'm to believe my friends, lessened my intellectual conceit."

K—— kept repeating: "Zen's not philosophy, it's a healthy way to live! . . . If you really want to learn Buddhism in

Japan and not just talk about it, your whole life will be transformed. It won't be easy, but you can rely on this: once you enter upon the Buddha's Way with sincerity and zeal, Bodhisattvas will spring up everywhere to help you. But you must have courage and faith, and you must make up your mind to



Most Japanese today visit Zen Buddhist gardens for the same reason American tourists do—to see something out of the past. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

realize the liberating power of your Buddha-nature no matter how much pain and sacrifice it entails. . . ."

This is the transfusion of courage I've needed.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1953 / Quit business, sold apartment furniture and car. . . . Friends' unanimous judgment: "You're mad throwing up ten thousand a year for pie in the sky!". . . Maybe. Or maybe they're the mad ones, piling up possessions

and ulcers and heart disease. . . . I suspect some of them may even envy me. . . . If I didn't need to, I wouldn't be doing it, of this I'm positive, but I *am* frightened a little. Hope it's true about life at forty. . . . Bought ticket for Japan.

Having arrived in Japan, Kapleau finds it difficult to get started. Zen professors at various universities do not recommend that he study at one of the Zen monasteries: for "modern intellectually minded people," say the professors, Zen monasteries are too traditional. Nevertheless, dissatisfied with mere lectures and conversations, Kapleau (in company with an American friend, P——) heads for a monastery.

NOVEMBER 3, 1953 / Arrived at monastery at dusk. . . . During 6½-hour train trip P—— and I busied ourselves framing questions to test the roshi's [master's] philosophical knowledge of Zen. "If he has an intellectual grasp of Zen," we decided, "and is not just an old-fashioned religious fanatic, we'll stay the full two days, otherwise let's leave tomorrow." . . .

Nakagawa-roshi received us in his simple, unpretentious quarters. . . . How young-looking he is, so unlike the bearded patriarch of our imaginings. . . . And so cordial and affable, he personally made us hot whipped green tea, delicious and soothing, and even joked with us in surprisingly good English. . . .

"Your long train journey must have tired you, would you like to lie down and rest?" . . . "No, we're a little tired, but if you don't mind we've prepared a number of questions on Zen we'd like to ask you." . . . "If you don't care to rest, the attendant will take you to the main hall where you can sit and meditate until I dispose of some urgent business; afterwards we can talk if you like." . . .

"But we've never meditated in our lives, we wouldn't know how to sit cross-legged." . . . "You may sit any way you like, but you must not talk. The monk attendant will provide you with sitting cushions and show you where to sit; he will call you when I can see you again." . . .

Sat—no, wriggled—wordlessly for two miserable hours

in dark hall next to P——. . . . Concentration impossible, thoughts chasing each other like a pack of monkeys. . . . Excruciating pain in legs, back, and neck. . . . Desperately want to quit, but if I do before P—— does, he'll never stop ragging me, nor will the roshi have a good opinion of American fortitude. . . . At last monk came and mercifully whispered: "You may see Roshi now." . . . Looked at watch, 9:30. . . .

Hobbled into the roshi's room to be greeted with his inscrutable smile and a large bowl of rice with pickles. . . . He watched us intently while we gobbled down the food, then benignly asked: "Now what would you like to know about Zen?" . . . We're so exhausted that we can only answer weakly: "Not a thing!" . . . "Then you'd better go to sleep now because we get up at 3:30 in the morning. . . . Pleasant dreams." . . .

NOVEMBER 4, 1953 / "Wake up, wake up, it's already 3:45! Didn't you hear the bells and gongs, don't you hear the drums, the chanting? Please hurry." . . .

What a weird scene of refined sorcery and idolatry: shaven-headed black-robed monks sitting motionlessly chanting mystic gibberish to the accompaniment of a huge wooden tom-tom emitting otherworldly sounds, while the roshi, like some elegantly gowned witch doctor, is making magic passes and prostrating himself again and again before an altar bristling with idols and images. . . . Is this the Zen of Tanka, who tossed a Buddha statue into the fire? Is this the Zen of Rinzai, who shouted "You must kill the Buddha"? . . . The Kyoto teachers and S—— were right after all. . . .

After breakfast the roshi led us on an inspection tour of the monastery, set within a horseshoe of rolling hills in the quivering silence of a cultivated forest of pine, cedar, and bamboo and graced by an exquisite lotus pond—a veritable Japanese Shangri-la. . . . And what a view of Mount Fuji, the majestic sentinel in the sky! . . . If only he doesn't mar it all by insisting we bow down before those images in the halls. . . .

O my prophetic soul! . . . he's brought us into the founder's room and is lighting incense and fervently prostrating

himself before a weird statue of Hakuin. . . . "You too may light incense and pay your respects to Hakuin." . . . P—— looks at me and I at him, then he explodes: "The old Chinese Zen masters burned or spit on Buddha statues, why do you bow down before them?" . . . The roshi looks grave but not angry. "If you want to spit you spit, I prefer to bow." . . . We don't spit, but neither do we bow.

NOVEMBER 6, 1953 / P—— left for Kyoto today, and the roshi invited me to stay on. . . . For all his religious fanaticism and unphilosophical mind he's a warm, regular guy and I like him. . . . No use fooling myself though, it's going to be rough getting up at 3:30 in the cold, living on a diet of mainly rice, and trying to meditate crosslegged. . . . Can I do it? Do I want to? . . . Still, there's something about all this that's deeply satisfying. . . . Anyway, I'm glad he invited me to stay and I've accepted. . . .

NOVEMBER 8, 1953 / Roshi says I can meditate by myself in founder's room instead of in the cold zendo [zen hall]. I can sit, kneel Japanese style or use a chair and wear as much clothing as I please if I'm cold. . . . Have no idea how to meditate, though. . . . When I told Roshi this he cryptically advised: "Put your mind in the bottom of your belly, there's a blind Buddha there, make him see!" . . . Is that all there is to meditation? Or is the roshi deliberately letting me stew in my own juice? . . . Carefully inspected Hakuin's features today; they're less grotesque, even faintly interesting.

Zen riddles (*koan*) are aids to meditation and to its goal of *satori*. Rationally speaking, the riddles are nonsense, but they serve to spring the mind loose from its dependence on reason. The famous *koan* Mu is a good example. It runs as follows:

"A monk asked Joshu, a Zen master, 'Has a dog Buddha-nature of not?'

"Joshu replied: 'Mu!'"

Mu—to give its literal meaning—means nothingness, but its significance is totally independent of its meaning.

NOVEMBER 27, 1953 / "How is your meditation coming along?" Roshi suddenly asked me today. . . . "That Buddha in my belly is hopelessly blind." . . . "He is not really blind, he only seems so because he's sound asleep. . . . How would you like to try the koan Mu?" . . . "All right, if you think I should, but what do I do with it?" . . . "You know its background I suppose. . . ." "Yes." . . . "Then just keep concentrating on Joshu's answer until you intuitively realize its meaning." . . . "Will I then be enlightened?" . . . "Yes, if your understanding is not just theoretical." . . . "But how do I concentrate?" . . . "Put your mind in your [belly] and focus on nothing but Mu."

Zen Meditation

PART II

Editor's Introduction: At the end of November, Kapleau and his Zen master travel to a second monastery for a particularly strict and exhausting week-long session of meditation. December 1 is the first day.

DECEMBER 1, 1953 / Raining incessantly, zendo uncomfortably cold and damp. . . . Wore long johns and wool shirt and two sweaters and wool robe and two pairs of wool socks but couldn't stop shivering. . . . Godo's bellowing and roaring more of a distraction than his wallops with kyosaku [monitor's staff]. . . . Tortured by pain in legs and back . . . thoughts racing wildly. . . .

DECEMBER 2, 1953 / At 5 A.M. dokusan [supervisor] told Harada-roshi the pain in my legs was agonizing. "I can't go on." . . . "Do you want a chair?" He looked at me tauntingly. . . . "No, I won't use a chair even if my legs drop off!" . . . "Good! With that spirit you're bound to become enlightened." . . .

Terrific whack by the kyosaku just when my concentration was beginning to jell and I fell apart . . . damn that godo! "Straighten your back, sit firmly, center your energy in your

Philip Kapleau, *The Three Pillars of Zen* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1967), pp. 208–29. Excerpted and reprinted by permission.

hara!" he yells. But how the devil do I put my energy into my [belly]? When I try, my back is stabbed with pain. . . .

DECEMBER 3, 1953 / Pain in legs unbearable. . . . Why don't I quit? It's imbecilic trying to sit with this gruesome pain and taking these senseless wallops of the kyosaku plus Godo's insane shouting, it's masochism pure and simple. . . . Why did I leave Ryutaku-ji, why did I ever leave the United States? . . . But I can't quit now, what will I do? I must get satori, I must. . . .

What the devil is Mu, what can it be? . . . Of course! It's absolute prayer, the Self praying to itself. . . . How often as a student had I wanted to pray, but somehow it'd always seemed pointless and even silly to petition God for strength to cope with predicaments which He in his omniscience and omnipotence had allowed to arise in the first place. . . .

DECEMBER 4, 1953 / My God, my Buddha, a chair's standing at my place! I am so grateful! . . . Roshi came and whispered: "Harada-roshi ordered the head monk to give you a chair because he felt you would never get satori sitting with a bent back and constantly shifting your position. . . . Now you have no obstacles, so concentrate on Mu with all your heart and soul." . . . Concentration quickly tightened, thoughts suddenly disappeared. What a marvelous feeling this buoyant emptiness. . . .

Suddenly the sun's streaming into the window in front of me! The rain's stopped! It's become warmer! At last the gods are with me! Now I can't miss satori! . . . Mu, Mu, Mu! . . . Again Roshi leaned over but only to whisper: "You are panting and disturbing the others, try to breathe quietly." . . . But I can't stop. My heart's pumping wildly, I'm trembling from head to toe, tears are streaming down uncontrollably. . . . Godo cracks me but I hardly feel it. He whacks my neighbor and I suddenly think: "Why's he so mean, he's hurting him." . . . More tears. . . . Godo returns and clouts me again and again, shouting: "Empty your mind of every single thought,

Workers in a Japanese construction firm spend the first three days of their employment living as Zen Buddhist monks, on the theory that the training will improve their concentration at work. The monk uses a kyosaku *(stick) to hit the trainees if they become drowsy from the long hours of motionless meditating.* (United Press International)

become like a baby again. Just Mu, Mu! right from your guts!" —crack, crack, crack! . . .

Abruptly I lose control of my body and, still conscious, crumple into a heap. . . . Roshi and Godo pick me up, carry me to my room and put me to bed. . . . I'm still panting and trembling. . . . Roshi anxiously peers into my face, asks: "You all right, you want a doctor?" . . . "No, I'm all right I guess." . . . "This ever happen to you before?" . . . "No, never." . . . "I congratulate you!" . . . "Why, have I got satori?" . . . "No, but I congratulate you just the same."

Close, but not close enough. The discipline goes on.

Shouting and clouting by Godo and his assistants getting fiercer and fiercer, the din and tumult of the last three nights beyond belief. All but a handful of the fifty-odd sitters have been bellowing "Mu!" continuously during the last half hour while the head monks lambasted them, yelling: "Voice Mu from the bottom of your belly not from the top of your lungs!" . . . and later the shrill "Mu-ing" throughout the night in the cemetery and hills, like that of cattle being readied for slaughter. . . . I'll bet it kept the whole countryside awake. . . .

This walloping doesn't enliven me one bit. Godo must have clouted me fifteen minutes straight last night, but it produced only a sore back and bitter thoughts. . . . Why hadn't I grabbed his stick and given him a dose of his own medicine? Wonder what would have happened if I had. . . .

. . . Crash, bang! . . . the whole zendo is shaking, what's happened? . . . Shouldn't have, but turned my head to see. . . . The Old Lion has just broken the longest kyosaku in the zendo across the back of Monju's shrine. . . . "You're all lazy!" he yells. "You have within your grasp the most precious experience in the world, yet you sit dreaming. Wake up and throw your lives into the struggle, otherwise satori will elude you forever!" . . . What strength of spirit, what power in that frail five-foot-three, 84-year-old body!

The week-long session ends with *satori* still not experienced. After three months at the first monastery, Kapleau returns for a second week-long session. This session leads not to *satori* but to an invitation to become a lay monk under the master Harada. Kapleau accepts.

Two and a half years go by.

OCTOBER 1, 1956 / . . . In just two months three years will have elapsed since I first came to Hosshin-ji. . . . So much water has flowed under the stone bridge, or should I say so many stone bridges have flowed over the motionless water?

. . . Have toiled with the monks in the heat of summer and shivered with them on snowy [begging trips], felled trees, planted rice, cultivated the gardens, cleaned the outhouses, and worked in the kitchen with them. I've shared their heroic, dedicated moments, joined in their petty intrigues. . . .

Sitting sitting sitting one painful sesshin after another, then more zazen [zen meditation] morning after morning, night after night and night into morning. . . . Dazzling insights and alluring visions have filed through my mind, but true illumination, satori, still eludes me. . . . Tangen-san, my wise monk-guide-interpreter-friend, solemnly assures me that just doing zazen wholeheartedly each day brings greater rewards in serenity, clarity and purity than does a quickly attained satori which is unnurtured by further zazen. . . . Is this a consolation prize or another of Zen's paradoxes which needs the personal experience of enlightenment to be understood? . . . He insists I've gained in fortitude and purity, though I see little evidence of it. . . .

Every one of my allergies has disappeared, my stomach pains me only occasionally, I sleep well. . . . The dark fears which formerly haunted me, my cherished dreams and hopes, all these have withered away, leaving me lighter and with a clearer sense of the real. . . . But I'm still the hungry dog next to the tank of boiling fat that is satori: I can't taste it and I can't leave it.

§He has made some progress, but still no *satori*. Two more years pass, with more than twenty week-long sessions of meditation. In August Kapleau begins another intensive period of meditation.§

AUGUST 1, 1958 / . . . Sesshin under way! . . . Quickly my concentration became strongly pitched. . . . Boring into Mu, thinking only Mu, breathing Mu. . . .

AUGUST 3, 1958 / First two days passed quickly, uneventfully. . . .

AUGUST 4, 1958 / Reached a white heat today. . . . Monitors whacked me time and again . . . their energetic stick wielding is no longer an annoyance but a spur. . . . Raced to the line-up with each clang of the dokusan bell to be first to see the roshi. . . . Hardly aware of pain in legs. . . . Was so eager to confront him that once or twice charged into his dokusan room without waiting for his signal. . . . When he asked me to show him Mu, I spontaneously seized his fan, fanned myself, picked up his handbell, rang it, and then left. . . .

At next dokusan he again asked for Mu. Quickly raised my hand as though to smack him. Didn't intend to really hit him, but the roshi, taking no chances, ducked. . . . How exhilarating these unpremeditated movements—clean and free. . . .

Animatedly the roshi warned: "You are now facing the last and toughest barrier between you and Self-realization. This is the time one feels, in the words of an ancient master, as though he were a mosquito attacking an iron bowl. But you must bore, bore, bore, tirelessly. . . . Come what may, don't let go of Mu. . . . Do zazen all night if you feel you may lose Mu in your sleep." . . .

"Mu'd" silently in temple garden till clock struck one. . . . Rose to exercise stiff, aching legs, staggered into a nearby fence. Suddenly I realized: the fence and I are one formless wood-and-flesh Mu. Of course! . . . Vastly energized by this . . . pushed on till the 4 A.M. gong.

AUGUST 5, 1958 / Didn't intend to tell Roshi of my insight, but as soon as I came before him he demanded: "What happened last night?" . . . While I talked, his keen darting eyes X-rayed every inch of me, then slowly he began quizzing me: "Where do you see Mu? . . . How do you see Mu? . . . When do you see Mu? . . . How old is Mu? . . . What is the color of Mu? . . . What is the sound of Mu? . . . How much does Mu weigh?" . . .

Some of my answers came quickly, some haltingly. . . . Once or twice Roshi smiled, but mostly he listened in serene

silence. . . . Then he spoke: "There are some roshi who might sanction such a tip-of-the-tongue taste as kensho, but—"

"I wouldn't accept sanction of such a picayune experience even if you wanted to grant it. Have I labored like a mountain these five years only to bring forth this mouse? I'll go on!" . . .

"Good! I respect your spirit."

Threw myself into Mu for another nine hours with such utter absorption that *I* completely vanished. . . . *I* didn't eat breakfast, *Mu* did. *I* didn't sweep and wash the floors after breakfast, *Mu* did. *I* didn't eat lunch, *Mu* ate. . . . Once or twice ideas of satori started to rear their heads, but Mu promptly chopped them off. . . .

Again and again the monitors whacked me, crying: "Victory is yours if you don't relinquish your hold on Mu!" . . .

Afternoon dokusan! . . . Hawklike, the roshi scrutinized me as I entered his room, walked toward him, prostrated myself, and sat before him with my mind alert and exhilarated. . . .

"The universe is One," he began, each word tearing into my mind like a bullet. "The moon of Truth—" All at once the roshi, the room, every single thing disappeared in a dazzling stream of illumination and I felt myself bathed in a delicious, unspeakable delight. . . . For a fleeting eternity I was alone—I alone was. . . . Then the roshi swam into view. Our eyes met and flowed into each other, and we burst out laughing. . . .

"I have it! I know! There is nothing, absolutely nothing. I am everything and everything is nothing!" I exclaimed more to myself than to the roshi, and got up and walked out. . . .

Returned to the main hall. . . . As I slipped back into my place Grandmother Yamaguchi, our part-time godo, tiptoed over to me and with eyes aglow whispered: "Wonderful, isn't it! I'm so happy for you!" . . . I resumed my zazen, laughing, sobbing, and muttering to myself: "It was before me all the time, yet it took me five years to see it." . . . A line Tangen-san had once quoted me rang in my ears: "Sometimes even in the driest hole one can find water."

AUGUST 9, 1958 / Feel free as a fish swimming in an ocean of cool, clear water after being stuck in a tank of glue. . . . and so grateful.

Grateful for everything that has happened to me, grateful to everyone who encouraged and sustained me in spite of my immature personality and stubborn nature.

But mostly I am grateful for my human body, for the privilege as a human being to know this Joy, like no other.

Half of All Japanese Families Have Private Cars

According to a recent survey by Toyota Motor Sales Company, Ltd., more than one out of two families in Japan now have private cars.

The survey found that most people now take their automobiles for granted and could not imagine life without them.

Japan Report, Nov. 1, 1979

Women in Japan: The Past

Editor's Introduction: As we have seen, modern technology and mass urbanization have profoundly affected the environment of Japan and the life style of its people. They have also influenced home life, family relations, and the role of women.

Today Japanese women go to college, pursue careers, and make important life decisions for themselves. But this has not always been the case. Traditionally, Japan has been a male-dominated society. The following selection is excerpted from a textbook for women written in the late 1600s. How would you describe the role of Japanese women at that time?

IT IS A girl's destiny, when she becomes a woman, to go to a new home and there to obey her father-in-law. Consequently, it is even more important for her than for a boy to accept with gratitude the instructions of her own parents. If her own parents, thinking that she is after all a member of the weaker sex, allow her to grow up with an independent mind, she will surely prove to be independent in her husband's house. Thus, she will lose his affection. Further, if her father-in-law is a man of strict principles, she will not be able to live up to them. She will hate and blame her father-in-law, and the result will be that she will be sent away from her husband's house. . . .

From Shingoro Takaishi, *Women and Wisdom of Japan* (London: John Murray, 1914), pp. 33–34, 38–39, 44–46. Translated by Basil Hall Chamberlain. Excerpted and adapted.

In a woman, a virtuous heart is more important than a beautiful face. The heart of an unvirtuous woman is always upset. She will glare wildly around her. She will take her anger out on others. Her words will be harsh and her accents vulgar. When she speaks, it will be to give herself airs, to scold others, to envy others, to be puffed up with pride, to jeer at others, to outdo others. All these things are very much different from the way a woman should be. The only qualities suitable for a woman are gentle obedience, purity, mercy, and quietness. . . .

A woman has no particular lord to serve. She must think of her husband as her lord, and she must serve him reverently. She must not despise him or think little of him. Obedience is the great lifelong duty of a woman. In her dealings with her

Until the twentieth century, the only professional women in Japan were entertainers. These entertainers of today wear the elaborate costumes and coiffures of their predecessors. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

Wives Control Pursestrings

According to a 1978 survey of office workers living in public apartment complexes, 70% of Japanese husbands give their entire salaries to their wives to be managed by them; only 2% say they control the pursestrings and dole out cash to their wives when they need it.

Japan Report, Sept. 16, 1978

High Court Ruling

In 1979 the Tokyo High Court ruled that the two different mandatory retirement ages set for men and women at Nissan Motor Co. are illegal and invalid. The high court said discrimination against women violates public order and morals.

Japan Report, May 1, 1979

husband, her facial expressions and her language should be courteous, humble, and yielding. She should never be peevish or obstinate, never rude or arrogant. That should be the first and most important concern of a woman. When her husband issues instructions, she must never disobey them. . . . A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself. She should never stop thinking how she may yield to her husband and thus escape the anger of heaven. . . .

The five worst weaknesses of women are disobedience, unhappiness, slander, jealousy, and silliness. It is beyond doubt that seven or eight out of every ten women have these weaknesses. This is why women are inferior to men. A woman should correct these weaknesses by self-inspection and self-criticism. . . . Women are so stupid that it is important for them always to distrust themselves and to obey their husbands. . . .

Parents! Teach these rules to your daughters from the very beginning! Copy them out from time to time, so they may read and remember them! . . .

Editor's Postscript: The status of women in Japan was not always low. Until the ninth century A.D., Japan had several women rulers. In the court society of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the leading writers were all women. The first psychological novel in the history of world literature was written by a Japanese woman, Lady Murasaki, in the early eleventh century. And finally, the leading Shinto deity is a woman, the Sun Goddess.

Some Prefer Nettles

Editor's Introduction: The "liberation" of Japanese women is not a purely contemporary development. It began at least as early as the 1920s. The following selection from a novel published in 1929 illustrates this point.

The central figures in the novel are Kaname and Misako. Although they are married, they lead quite separate lives and are almost at the point of divorce. Misako is a "liberated" woman. She has a lover, and she is deeply interested in everything modern.

Kaname, too, is very modern. He encourages Misako to take a lover, and he himself frequently visits Louise, a Eurasian prostitute. However, almost in spite of himself, Kaname feels drawn to the past, represented in the novel by the puppet theatre and by Ohisa, the female companion of Kaname's father-in-law.

All the characters in *Some Prefer Nettles* face a conflict between old and new, between tradition and change. Indeed, this novel is the classic fictional statement of that conflict. The title comes from a Japanese proverb: "Every worm to his taste; some prefer to eat nettles." It may indicate that the author did not expect many readers to share his own preferences.

Many people think of Japan today in terms of this conflict between what is "Japanese" and what is "Western." Yet *Some Prefer Nettles* was written in the 1920s. Today the "modern" and "Western" aspects of life that fascinate Kaname and Misako are second nature to the vast majority of Japanese.

As you read this selection, try to identify the things that you

Tanizaki Junichiro, *Some Prefer Nettles*, translated by Edward Seidensticker (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1955), pp. 3–29. Excerpted and reprinted by permission.

think represent traditional Japan. How does Misako feel about them? How does Kaname feel?

"YOU THINK YOU might go, then?" Misako asked several times during the morning.

Kaname as usual was evasive, however, and Misako found it impossible to make up her own mind. . . . Misako's father had called from Kyoto the day before and asked if the two of them would join him at the theatre. Misako had been out, and Kaname had been rash enough to say that they "probably could." As a matter of fact he could not very well have refused. . . .

The old man, now nearly sixty, was in retirement in Kyoto, where he lived the life of the conservative man of taste. While Kaname's own tastes were rather different and he was often enough annoyed at the old man's displays of connoisseurship, still the latter had played the gallant in his youth, it was said, and there remained something open and easy in his manner that Kaname found very attractive. The thought that soon they might no longer be father-in-law and son-in-law gave him considerable regret—in fact, he sometimes told himself ironically, the regret at divorcing his father-in-law might be somewhat stronger than the regret at divorcing his wife—and, though ordinarily such an idea would not have troubled him, he wanted one last chance to demonstrate his sense of filial [family] duty. . . .

"Do you want to see it?" she asked. . . .

"Not especially. I told him I did, though."

"When?"

"When was it, I wonder. . . . He got so excited about his puppets that I finally nodded back to make him happy."

Misako laughed pleasantly, as she would for the merest acquaintance. "You hardly needed to do that. You've never been that friendly with Father, after all."

"In any case, maybe we ought to stop by for a few minutes."

"Where is the Bunraku Puppet Theater?"

"It's not at the Bunraku. The Bunraku burned down. It's at a place downtown called the Benten."

"That means we sit on the floor? I can't stand it, really I can't. My knees will be agony afterwards."

"There's no avoiding it. That's the sort of place people like your father go. His tastes have got a little beyond me—and after the way he used to love the movies. I read somewhere the other day that men who are too fond of the ladies when they're young generally turn into antique-collectors when they get old. Tea sets and paintings take the place of sex."

"But Father hasn't exactly given up sex. He has Ohisa."

"She's one of the antiques in his collection, exactly like an old doll."

"If we go we'll have her inflicted on us."

"Then let's have her inflicted for an hour or two. Think of it as filial piety." Kaname began to feel that Misako had some very special reason for not wanting to go.

She went briskly over to the chest, however, and took out a kimono for him, carefully folded in a paper cover. "You're wearing a kimono, I suppose."

Kaname was as careful about his clothes as Misako was about hers. A particular kimono required a particular cloak and a particular sash, and each ensemble was planned down even to accessories like the watch and chain, the wallet, the cloak-cord, the cigarette case. Only Misako understood the system well enough to be able to put everything together when he specified the kimono he would wear. Now that she had taken to going out by herself a good deal, she always made sure before she left that his clothes were laid out for him. Indeed, when he thought of it, that was the only function she really discharged as a wife, the only function for which another woman would not do as well. . . .

[Kaname and Misako decide to go to the puppet theater that day. They take a train to Osaka, and then a taxi to the theater.]

"What is playing?" Misako asked.

"*Love Suicide,*" he said, "and something else. I've forgotten."

As if forced to one concession by the long silence, each made his one remark. They gazed rigidly forward as they spoke, the one seeing the line of the other's nose dimly through the corner of the eye.

Misako, who had no idea where the Benten Theater was, had no choice but to follow when they left the cab. Kaname had apparently received instructions from the old man. They went first to a teahouse that catered to theater guests and were guided from there by a kimono-clad maid. Misako felt more and more oppressed as the time approached when she would have to appear before her father and play the part of the wife. She pictured him on his cushion in the pit, his eyes fixed on the stage, a sake cup raised to his lips, and beside him his mistress, Ohisa. Misako felt tense and uncomfortable with her father, but Ohisa she actively disliked. Ohisa, younger than Misako, was a tranquil, unexcitable Kyoto type, whose conversation, no matter what was said to her, seldom went beyond one amiable sentence. Her lack of spirit went badly with Misako's own Tokyo briskness, but, more than that, the sight of her beside the old man was to Misako insufferable. It made him seem less her father than an old lecher whom she found generally repulsive.

"I'm staying for only one act," she murmured as they stepped inside the door. The heavy, old-fashioned theater samisens [musical instruments, with three strings], whose twanging echo assailed them in the lobby, seemed to stir her to rebellion.

How many years had it been, Kaname wondered, since he had last been to the theater the old leisurely way, escorted by a teahouse maid? As he stepped from his sandals and felt the smooth, cold wood against his stockinged feet, he thought for an instant of a time, long ago—he could have been no more than four or five—when he had gone to a play in Tokyo with his mother. He remembered how he had sat on her lap as they

took a rickshaw downtown from their house in the old merchants' quarter, and how afterwards his mother had led him by the hand, padding along in his holiday sandals, as they followed the maid from the teahouse. The sensation as he stepped into the theater, the smooth, cold wood against the soles of his feet, had been exactly the same then. Old-fashioned theaters with their open, straw-matted stalls somehow always seemed cold. And he had worn a kimono that day too. . . .

A master puppeteer manipulates his puppet from within, using his left hand for the puppet's head and his right hand for the puppet's right hand. Two assistants (not shown here) control the puppet's left hand and legs. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

Ohisa saw them as they came down the passage. "Oh, you're here," she said in her soft Kyoto accent. She carefully piled the lunch boxes at her knee, elaborate gold-flecked tiers of them, and moved back to make room for Misako beside the old man. "They've come," she said. He greeted them shortly and turned to concentrate again on the stage. . . .

"You must be uncomfortable. Why don't you stretch your legs a little this way?" Ohisa said solicitously, and busied herself in the narrow little stall making tea, pressing sweets on the

others, now and then trying softly to make conversation with Misako, who disdained to look around. The old man held his sake [rice-wine] cup lightly behind him in his outstretched right hand, balanced against the corner of an ashtray, and among her other duties Ohisa had to be sure that it was never allowed to go dry. The cup was one of three decorated in gold on vermilion with scenes from Hiroshige's prints, the old man having recently taken to insisting that "sake must be drunk from wooden lacquerware." Everything—the sake, the sweets, the cups and boxes—had been brought from Kyoto; with just such an assortment of gold-flecked lacquer, one could imagine, court maidens set out long ago to view the cherry blossoms. The old man, so particular to bring his own supplies, was not a guest to make the theater teahouses prosper, and clearly it was an effort for Ohisa to plan such expeditions.

"Won't you have some too?" Ohisa took another cup from a drawer and handed it to Kaname.

"Thank you. I never drink in the daytime. . . . It is a little chilly, though. Possibly I should have just a swallow."

She leaned to pour for him, and a suggestion of something like cloves seemed to come from her high, upswept hair as it touched against his cheek. He stared down into the cup at the gold-embossed Fuji, now shining through the sake, at the tiny village below it, done in the quick style of the color prints, and at the characters indicating which was the roadside station represented.

"It makes me a little uncomfortable to drink out of anything so elegant."

"Really?" One of the traditional charms of the Kyoto beauty, the discolored teeth, showed itself in Ohisa's laugh. Her two front teeth were as black at the roots as if they had been stained in the old court manner, and farther to the right an eyetooth protruded sharp enough to bite into her lip. There were many who would have seen in such a mouth a winsome artlessness, but in honesty it could not have been called beautiful. Misako was of course being cruel when she pronounced it filthy and barbarous. To Kaname it seemed rather a little

sad. That such an unhealthy mouth should be left uncared for suggested something of the woman's ignorance.

"You brought all this from home with you?" he asked Ohisa.

"We did indeed."

"And you'll have to carry all the boxes back? I sympathize with you."

"He says the food at theaters is inedible."

Misako glanced back at them, then quickly turned to the stage again. Kaname had noticed how sharply she pulled herself away when in her efforts to find a comfortable position one of her feet brushed against his knee. He could not help smiling, a little wryly, at the trial it was for them to be put together in such a small space.

"How do you like it?" he asked in a husbandly way, hoping to dispel the mood a little.

"You must have so much excitement," Ohisa put in. "I should think you might like a nice quiet play now and then."

"I've been watching the singers. They're really much more interesting than the puppets," said Misako.

The old man coughed somewhat threateningly. His eyes still fixed on the stage, he groped about his knee for his pipe. The tooled-leather case had slipped under the cushion, however, and he was still feeling blindly for it when Ohisa noticed and retrieved it for him. She filled it, lighted it, and laid it carefully in the palm of his hand. Then, as if it made her want to smoke herself, she reached into her sash, took out an amber-red leather case, and pushed her small white hand in under the lid.

There was much to be said for seeing a puppet play with a bottle of sake at one's side and a mistress to wait on one, Kaname thought as the conversation quieted, and, for want of anything more to distract him, he turned his attention to the stage. The first act of *Love Suicide* was drawing to a close. The lovers, Jihei and the geisha Koharu, held the stage, Koharu seated to the right. The sake cup had been rather a large one, and Kaname felt a little heady. Perhaps because of the glitter-

ing reflections, the stage seemed a great distance away, and it was all he could do to make out the faces and the costumes. He concentrated on Koharu. Jihei's face had in it something of the dignity of classic dance masks, but his exaggerated clothes hung lifelessly from his shoulders as he moved about the stage, making it a little hard for one as unfamiliar with the puppet theater as Kaname to feel any human warmth in him. Koharu, kneeling with her head bowed, was infinitely more effective. Her clothing too was exaggerated, so that her turned-out skirt fell unnaturally before her knees, but Kaname found that easy to forget. The old man, when he discoursed on the puppet theater, liked to compare Japanese Bunraku puppets with Occidental string puppets. The latter could indeed be very active with their hands and feet, but the fact that they were suspended and worked from above made it impossible to suggest the line of the hips and the movement of the torso. There was in them none of the force and urgency of living flesh, one could find nothing that told of a live, warm human being. The Bunraku puppets, on the other hand, were worked from inside, so that the surge of life was actually present, sensible, under the clothes. Their strongest points perhaps derived from the good use made in them of the Japanese kimono. The same effects would be impossible from puppets in foreign dress, even if the same manipulating techniques were adopted. The Bunraku puppet was therefore unique, inimitable, a medium so skillfully exploited that one would be hard put to find parallels for it anywhere.

Kaname found himself agreeing. . . .

Kaname had seen the Bunraku puppets once ten years before. He had not been impressed—he could in fact remember only that he had been intensely bored. Today he had come solely out of a sense of duty, expecting to be bored again, and he was somewhat astonished that he should almost against his will be drawn so completely into the play. He had grown older, he had to admit. He was no longer in a position to make fun of the old man's dilettantism. Given another ten years, he would find that he had come precisely the same distance over

the same road as the old man. There he would be, a mistress like Ohisa at his side, a tooled-leather pipe-case hung at his hip, a tiered lunch box flecked with gold . . . but he might not need even ten years. He had always affected a maturity beyond his years, and he would age fast. . . . He looked at Ohisa. Her face was turned a little so that the line of her cheek showed, round, almost heavy, like that of a court beauty in a picture scroll. He compared her profile with Koharu's. Something about the slow, sleepy expression made him think of the two of them as not unlike each other. . . . A pair of conflicting emotions pressed themselves on him: old age brought its own pleasures and was not really to be dreaded; and yet that very thought, a symptom of approaching old age, was something he must resist, if only because of the advantage it might give Misako. The reason for their decision to separate, after all, was that they did not want to grow old, that they wanted to be free to live their youth again.

"Thank you very much for the telephone call," Kaname said as the curtain fell and the old man turned half around to face him. "I'm beginning to see some of the good points in all this—I really am."

"You needn't try to please me. I have no professional interest in it," the old man answered, with a touch of the self-satisfaction that comes with age. His shoulders were hunched for the cold, and his neck was buried in a scarf, a piece of silk crepe, softened with age, that had once been meant for a woman. "I don't expect you to enjoy yourself, but it does you no harm to see something like this at least once in your life."

"I'm enjoying myself thoroughly, though. Why do you suppose it is?—I see a great deal I missed before."

"These are almost the last of the great puppeteers. I wonder how it will be when they are gone."

Misako cupped a small compact in the palm of her hand and began powdering her nose. "And so begins the dissertation," the expression on her face seemed to say as she bit back a sardonic smile. . . .

"Really, young people are beyond me. Look at this, for instance—women have simply forgotten how to take care of themselves. What's that thing in your hand?"

"That thing is called a compact."

"A compact. I don't object so much to the fad for compacts, but I do object to the way women take them out in public, no matter who might be watching. It's inelegant, ungraceful—a woman's charm disappears. I had to scold Ohisa about it just the other day."

"A compact is very convenient." Misako turned to get a better light and, taking out a kiss-proof lipstick, solemnly drew a line of crimson across her mouth.

"But that looks so dreadful. In my day a well-bred woman would never have thought of doing such a thing in public."

"Well, everyone does now. I don't see how you're to stop it. I know a woman who is famous for making herself up at the table. Whenever we have lunch together, she takes out her compact and forgets the food. It takes forever to get through a meal. She's an extreme case, of course."

Women in Japan: The Present

Editor's Introduction: Misako was a daring and liberated woman in her day, but that day is now ancient history. (Misako was about 30 in 1930; if she were a member of your family, which generation would she be?) Since then, the status of women in Japanese society has changed greatly.

An important factor in the improvement of that status was the new constitution of 1947, which guaranteed women the right to vote. Another important factor has been economic prosperity. Full employment has meant increasing economic opportunity for women.

In the first part of the following selection, a Japanese woman recounts her experiences with liberation. She tells what happened when, in 1948, she became active in her local PTA. Who opposed rights for women? Why?

The second part of the selection is an editorial published in a Japanese newspaper in 1978. It points to several ways in which women workers in Japan are still not fully equal to men workers. If you were a woman about to graduate from a Japanese university, what would your plans be? In what ways, if at all, is the situation in Japan today different from the situation in the United States?

Madam Vice-President

THE PROBLEMS OF my daughter's education were more complex than I had expected. So when I was asked to attend a meeting

From pp. 241–43 in *Daughter of the Pacific* by Yoko Matsuoka. Copyright 1952 by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. By permission of the publisher.

of parents to discuss the forming of a PTA, I accepted gladly. There had been a parents' association even in prewar days, but now all schools were encouraged to form a new one on the American pattern.

About fifty parents of children in all six grades were present that night. Nearly one third were women, who sat together on one side of the room. The draft of a constitution was up for discussion and the men were doing all the talking. So far as I could see, all the pertinent points had been covered; so, like the other women, I just listened—until the chairman turned

Teaching was one of the first careers open to women in Japan. (Consulate General of Japan, N.Y.)

toward us and said in a politely condescending tone, "How about some suggestions from the mothers?"

At this the woman next to me whispered to her neighbor on the other side, "Women don't understand such things as a constitution. That is men's business. Don't you think so?"

Her tone of near-indignation compelled me to speak up—to let her know that women too could discuss such matters if they tried. To the surprise of the chairman, I raised my hand and pointed out that the wording in a certain article was obscure and needed clarification. Then, feeling slightly self-conscious, I sat down.

It was partly due to this incident, I think, that a group of mothers called upon me and asked permission to nominate me for vice-president of the new PTA. "Our association has been managed by the same people for many years," one of them said, "and we have never had a woman in such an office. We badly need someone to represent us." I could not refuse.

These women went about for the next two weeks with astonishing vigor and earnestness, urging other reluctant ones to come to the general meeting to vote for officers. Most of my supporters were in the late twenties or early thirties, with only a minimum of schooling.

It was pouring rain that Sunday morning when the general meeting was held, but the school auditorium was packed, with more than half of the seats occupied by women. This seemed to upset the former officials of the association. One of them, a mustached man of about fifty wearing a kimono, was outspoken in expressing his displeasure. It was alarming, he said, how democracy was being misunderstood, particularly by women. He added that running for office was not a woman's task. This was meant for me as I was the only woman up for election.

Whispers of indignation were heard from the women, though none of them stood up to object. They showed their disapproval further by not applauding.

In the lively discussion which followed I could draw a line

between the opinions of those men who were below forty years of age and those who were older. The older men resisted any move for change. Although women did not participate in the discussion, except for myself, they applauded enthusiastically when the younger men spoke. Almost all of the women favored changes.

The noon hour passed, yet these mothers stayed. When the election was finally held by secret balloting, a new set of officers was elected by an overwhelming majority.

I was nervous when I stood up to make my acceptance speech, and keenly aware of my responsibilities to Seiko and her generation. At the end of the meeting, a woman teacher came up to congratulate me. Her face glowed when she said, "This could never have happened before. It gives us hope, too, that we may be able to improve our status in the teaching profession."

*Working Women**

The prolonged recession has had effects on the nation's labor picture besides that of raising unemployment. One quite outstanding change we have learned of from the Labor Ministry's recently published "Facts about Female Labor."

As might be expected, the proportion of women workers has been growing. Last year, for example, in the total work force the number of males increased by 0.5 percent, while the number of women increased by 2.9 per cent.

This brought the female work force to a record total of 20,330,000 . . . with the result that one out of every three workers in Japan is now a woman.

Does this mean that the role of working women is gaining recognition? No, unfortunately, not at all. When we said the trend was as might be expected, it was on the simple calculation that when economic prospects appear to be poor, employers will depend on cheap temporary labor rather than commit themselves to new lifetime employees. In other words, they will hire more women.

* "Working Women," *Japan Times*, Dec. 1, 1978.

In the same report, the average monthly salary of female employees is given as $632, which is only some 55.8 per cent of what a male employee was paid.

That disparity is bad enough, but worse, in our opinion, is the taken for granted discrimination that permeates the whole system. It begins with the assumption that a female job-seeker will quit in a few years to get married. Therefore, the employer does not make the investment for training her to fit into the

A young Tokyo office worker. (Copyright by Doug Hurst)

step-by-step career advancement system as he does for the males.

From the employer's standpoint, this is only natural. And he will probably produce data to show his losses ascribed to the rapid turnover of women workers. But there is a question here

about which is cause and which effect.

A poll of next spring's university women graduates, conducted by a private research organization, shows 29 per cent hoping to work till retirement age and another 27 per cent for more than 10 years. How sad. We know, of course, that most of them will not realize those hopes.

Fewer women quit jobs to get married, we imagine, than they do because of dissatisfaction. Those with decided career ambitions will struggle to beat the system. Others, at the other end, do indeed regard employment as temporary. But undoubtedly the largest number are those in the middle, who are not sure of what to expect and are just looking for self-fulfillment.

An interesting proposal is reportedly under discussion in the Labor Ministry these days. It would abolish all those laws directed exclusively to the benefit of working women, such as the ban on their working in the late night hours and the menstrual leave guarantee. The Labor Standards Law lists 39 occupations prohibited to women.

In the enlightenment brought about by women's rights movements abroad, such laws are seen as discriminatory — which, of course, they are.

3 Women Among Crew of Japan's First N-Ship

Three young women wearing mini-skirts will be among the 76 crew members of the 8,350-gross-ton "Mutsu," Japan's first nuclear-powered ship, which will sail on its maiden voyage next March.

The three women will act as guides when the pink-and-white ship visits various places in Japan following test runs this winter.

Japan Report, October, 1972

But there are many among us who would say that Japanese society is not yet prepared to accept that rationality. The same argument was made at the time the laws were adopted, when the progressive view was that women had been hurt for too long and deserved protection.

Now they need to be freed of that.

Driven Beyond Dignity

Editor's Introduction: Some women in Japan today have already achieved spectacular success, particularly in the entertainment world and in sports. The following account describes the rigorous training of a Japanese girls' volleyball team.

What are the qualities that brought success to this group of women athletes? Do you think an American team would work just as hard as this Japanese team?

JUST MINUTES OUT of Tokyo on the 7 A.M. flight, the great white cone of Fujiyama slides majestically past the starboard wing and then dims in the distance as you drum southward toward Osaka. In Osaka barely an hour later, you hire a cab for the drive to the neighboring town of Kaizuka—a two-hour journey to what will prove to be a profoundly shocking experience.

I had come to see the sensational Nichibo Kaizuka women's volleyball team: world champions, winner of 137 consecutive contests since 1960 and the favorite to retain its upstart mastery over the powerful Communist bloc—long the hotbed of world volleyball—at October's Tokyo Olympics.

Widely acclaimed in packed arenas from Warsaw to Tokyo and now hailed as the new idols of Japanese sport, the girls are nicknamed the Kaizuka Amazons. The name does not

Eric Whitehead, "Driven Beyond Dignity." © 1964 Time, Inc. Reprinted by permission from *Sports Illustrated*, March 16, 1964.

remotely prepare you for what you find when you drive through the gates of Kaizuka's huge Dai Nippon spinning mill, where the Amazons work and play.

Whisked to a cluttered reception room jammed with souvenirs and trophies, I met the coach, Daimatsu Hirobumi. Daimatsu, 43, is a short, lean, muscular man with a shaggy crew cut over cold features. Talking softly through an interpreter, he told about his team.

His 16 volleyballers are the pick of 1,242 girls employed in the Dai Nippon mill in Kaizuka. They live here with the other girls in the austere company dorms, work in the company office, average $50 per month take-home pay after board.* They rise each weekday at 7, work from 8 until 3:30, change and are in the company gym by 4. There they practice non-stop until midnight, six days a week, 51 weeks a year—barring road time on competitive tours, when things get, if anything, a little tougher. On the seventh day, Sunday, the office is closed, and practice sessions are even longer.

Except for a one-week break around Eastertime, this is the routine year in and year out. Says Coach Daimatsu:

"There is time for nothing else. The players know absolutely no other life. They do it because they choose to. The preparation for winning is a personal, individual challenge. It is accepted without question."

Ah, but then, I said to myself, it's only volleyball, played by girls.

So I had lunch, toured this vast, ultramodern textile plant, and then promptly at 4 adjourned to the gymnasium. It is a bleak, chill, poorly lit building heated by three small charcoal pots. The girls are already on the floor. They are big, strong, rangy, averaging around 5 feet 7. Their fingers are heavily taped, and they wear knee and elbow pads. Engaged now in a playful, boisterous scrimmage, they move the ball with an

* This rate of compensation was not grossly inadequate in 1964. Indeed, it placed them in the middle ranges of the Japanese wage scale. Since 1964 wages have risen rapidly.

astonishing acrobatic dexterity and slam it across the net with a jarring power, screaming in shrill unison at every "kill."

The scrimmage switches to a warmup drill in which an assistant drives them through a grueling, nonstop half hour of dives, rolls and tumbles. Then Daimatsu takes over. He mounts a platform at center net, flanked by a huge wire basket filled with balls, tended by a girl assistant. The squad queues in separate lines at opposite ends of the gym's rear wall, facing the net.

Daimatsu signals, and in rapid rotation the girls charge toward the net, crisscrossing from their respective corners. With the ball girl feeding him swiftly, silently, Daimatsu swings his fist in a swift, rhythmic motion, slamming the balls first to one side and then the other as the girls come charging in. The balls are aimed deliberately short so that the girls must hurl themselves headlong in a desperate, often futile attempt to retrieve and keep them in the air. They land jarringly on their chests and shoulders, then roll out and recover with a sprawling, judolike somersault.

As each girl recovers, she dashes back to the wall to charge in immediately for the next retrieve, sometimes as many as six times before the next girl comes hurtling in.

An hour of this and the girls are sweat-sodden, soiled and gasping with the exertion. After two hours Daimatsu, expressionless, his arm still swinging like a piston, closes the range. He now imparts a vicious spin to the ball. A heavy-set girl lumbers in, overcharges, slams onto her shoulder and grimaces in pain as she hobbles drunkenly back to the wall, where she bends in agony. Daimatsu, his motion unbroken, is now gibing softly.

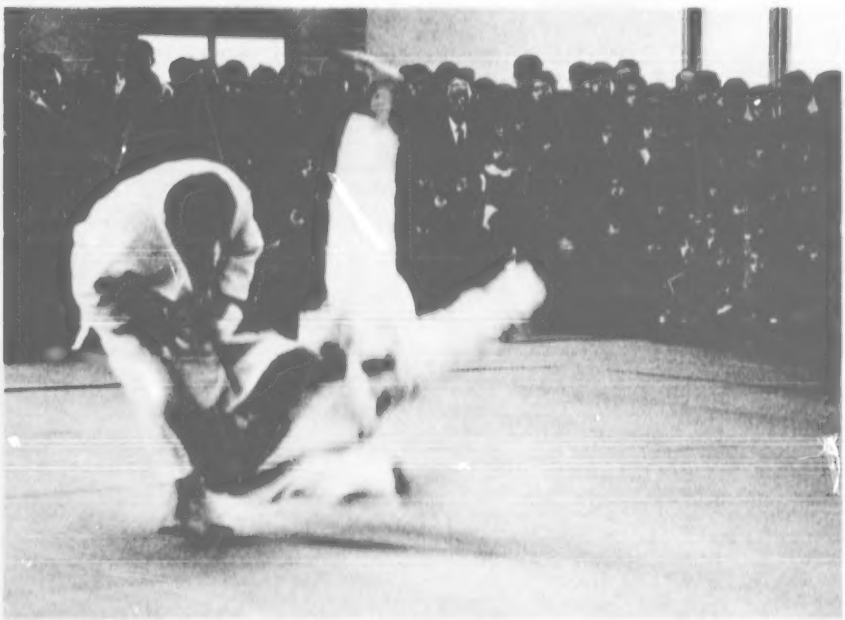
"If you'd rather be home with your mother, then go. We don't want you here."

Another girl hurtles to the floor, goes sprawling across the court and hits an ankle against an iron bench with a sickening crack. She is sobbing as she limps back to the ....

"There's a South Korean team in town. If this is too tough

for you, maybe you should go and play with them," says Daimatsu.

It is 7 o'clock now and the girls' supper is wheeled in in metal urns: rice, meat, and fish. Daimatsu ignores it and quickens the pace. His grim, wild-eyed intensity is frightening. His face is still a mask, but it is strained and beaded with sweat. Now many of the girls are openly sobbing, their faces distorted with the agony of effort and the physical punishment. But they keep staggering in, and the food sits for half an hour before Daimatsu gives a curt signal and the first-team girls—always the first to eat—go to the urns. The others shift to a brisk scrimmage as Daimatsu goes to the sidelines for his own



Children of many ages watch experts demonstrate judo. Baseball is the single most popular sport in Japan, but karate, judo, and other traditional sports have their devotees as well. (Japan National Tourist Organization)

meal, which is served to him by a ball girl. As he dines he is even more chilling to observe, for now one seems to see in him the cool arrogance of a despot.

After ten minutes the first team is back on the floor with Daimatsu, who has left his supper half-eaten. The second-stringers now sit down to the rest of the cold food. Minutes later they too are back. At 10 o'clock—they have been practicing six hours now—they switch to what I was told is a drill to "test the spirit as well as the body."

In this drill girls are singled out and subjected to a merciless bombardment aimed purposely, diabolically, well out of reach. This goes on until each lurching, sobbing girl is utterly exhausted, plainly driven to the absolute maximum.

It is now midnight, eight hours gone, and it should be all over, but one girl, the weeping wretch who cracked her ankle, has displeased Daimatsu. She is called out and now defends herself desperately with forearms and elbows as he shells her again and again and yet again from close range.

At 9 the next morning, barely eight hours after the girls have staggered back to their dorms, I visited the mill office and, incredibly, they were already at work. Dressed in neat blue smocks, they have been here as usual since 8, demurely fingering the abacus board, filing, answering the telephone. Daimatsu sits nearby at his office manager's desk, engrossed in accounts. That these serene young women are one and the same with the wild-eyed creatures I had seen just a few hours ago brutalizing themselves almost beyond human dignity seemed truly unbelievable.

Not quite all of them are here. It is explained that four are at the mill hospital getting treatment. They are expected back at work by noon and, of course, in the gym at 4, with the others.

The team's captain, tall, graceful Kasai Masae, smiles shyly from her desk. Little stories like hers tell the big one. Two years ago, at age 28, Masae was in love and engaged to a young man from Osaka. She had a choice: marriage and a

home, or a continuation of the daily torture under Daimatsu Hirobumi. She chose the latter, for at the 1964 Olympics the glory of Japan will flicker again, and glory is everything.

Perhaps Masae had said it all the previous night when I asked her about the team's chances at the Olympics.

"You must understand," she said gravely. "We have never experienced defeat. We must win."

Editor's Postscript: The Japanese team did win. It took an Olympic gold medal by defeating a powerful Russian team in the finals. No one who witnessed the scene will ever forget it. A few seconds passed before the team members realized that they had indeed achieved their goal, that the human dignity they had sought for so long and with such great determination was in fact theirs. There was a long moment of stunned silence on the floor. Then came tears of joy or relief or release—perhaps a combination of the three. On the sidelines stood Coach Daimatsu, no expression at all visible on his face. During the climactic match he had rarely displayed any emotion, and now he stayed on the sideline, leaving the team to accept the adulation of the crowd.

But Coach Daimatsu was not an ogre without feelings. Nor were the team members Amazons without grace. Daimatsu had arrived at his fearsome coaching technique by a cool analysis of the realities of the situation. As he told a reporter,

> We have to compensate for our disadvantage in height and reach with fast reflexes and leaps forward and to the side. I deliberately throw balls at them just out of their reach, close enough so they will give their maximum effort to reach them, far enough so they will fall to the floor. Sure, they get angry. Sure, they get bruised. But if they improve their reach by just a thousandth of an inch they will save points they might otherwise lose and it is all worth it. So I have to be mean and laugh at them.

Moreover, Daimatsu's sacrifice was almost as great as that of his team. In a revealing comment, he conceded: "This is wearing on me, too. I get home at 2 A.M. and must be up at 7 to get back to work. This is no way to be a family man, and I've almost had enough of being tough."

The team members were already famous, but their success at the Olympics made them national heroes. Within a few years, the team of 1964 was gone. A few members stayed on as the core of a

new team, but most of the women resigned and married. The wedding of the team captain, Kasai, was a major social event attended by many prominent figures from Japan's athletic, political, and theatrical worlds. (The Prime Minister himself had acted as go-between in arranging the marriage.) "Driven beyond dignity"? Perhaps.

Olympics 1988

The Japan Olympic Committee has approved a plan to submit an application to be the site of the 1988 Summer Olympic Games. Approval was unanimous.

Likely competitors include Seoul, South Korea, which reportedly is prepared to mobilize its total national strength, and London, England, which plans a fund of $2,000,000,000.

Japan Report, Dec. 1979

Examination Hell

Editor's Introduction: Education is a key factor in the "liberation" of women in Japan, as it is everywhere in the world. It is also the passport to social and economic success for both men and women.

In Japan today, students and parents alike accept without question the importance of gaining as much education as possible. Some people have called the Japanese people "economic animals" because of their single-minded pursuit of economic growth. Now a few Japanese writers are beginning to describe their fellow Japanese with similar scorn as "education animals."

Admission to a Japanese college or university depends almost exclusively on one's performance in the entrance examinations. For this reason, the pressure on the students is intense. The process of preparing for and taking these exams has come to be known as "examination hell."

The following selections from letters exchanged by eighteen-year-old Ichiro, whose wartime letters are represented in Volume 1, and his mother indicate some of the stresses. In the months before the exams, Ichiro goes to Tokyo to take two cram courses at the same time. How does your approach to exams compare with Ichiro's? How would you expect Ichiro to do in the business world after his graduation? Do you see any connections between the girls' volleyball team, "education animals," and "economic animals"?

Isoko and Ichiro Hatano, *Mother and Son* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1962), pp. 178–84, 188–95. Reprinted by permission.

From Ichiro to His Mother

November 26, 1947

TODAY I WANT your advice about something. Nothing very important, though.

When they gave us our reports at school, there was talk about next year's entrance examinations. . . . According to class standings, I am the only one who could try for the First Higher School [Within a year, this school became the University of Tokyo, most prestigious of all Japanese universities]; but I'm not sufficiently sure of myself

There would not be much point in my going to Matsumoto [to take the exams for a much less prestigious school], and if I failed the entrance examination there it would be a terrible disgrace. So, while I'm about it, I think I may as well try for First Higher. Because even if I don't get through, it wouldn't be too frightful a disgrace. . . .

Would you please consult Father about this. And at the same time ask him to advise me about a good preparatory course. If I decide to attempt it, I will have only three months and will have to work like a demon to catch up with the others.

You know my aptitudes and character better than anyone; so would you mind weighing the pros and cons and answering me as quickly as possible?

To Ichiro from His Mother

You ask me whether you ought or ought not undertake such an examination. You say it is not really important; but it is, for a student like you. . . .

You really have very little time left and must be prepared to study hard. That doesn't mean that you should work yourself to death, but you must carefully think out an efficient method of study and resign yourself to giving up some of the time you spend with your friends. And make up your mind that if you do not get through, you will just tell yourself that it was to be expected.

If you think you can do all that, begin work today.

Since your friends say they are going to sit for such and such examinations, they must have made their decisions a long time ago. Not to have thought about it, like you, was remarkably casual. But that part of your temperament has its advantages. At present there is no point in losing our heads; just do what you can; if you don't get through, you will not have lost anything. For if you really do work, it will be that much gained. . . .

From Ichiro to His Mother

December 2

Thank you for your answer. If you think so too, I will work with all my might. I know it is too late to say so now, but I'm sorry I haven't worked harder. And it would have been better if I had paid more attention to what the teachers said during lessons. . . .

January 1, 1938

How are you? It's beginning to be very cold in Tokyo. In Suwa it must be freezing. It seems much more than a week since I left. . . .

The saying "The frog in the well does not know the ocean" certainly applies to my present condition. At Suwa, you know, we had hardly begun differential calculus, whereas here they have not only finished it, but done integral calculus, permutations, combinations and statistics as well. It makes me feel a bit discouraged. . . .

From eight till twelve, Kensu [a preparatory course]; from twelve till four-thirty, [a second] preparatory class . . . then return home, and face to face with permutations and combinations, taken in large doses. I am surprised at the amount of work I can do when I get down to it; it reminds me of the ox in the Aesop fable whose master was kind enough not to overload him, and who only realized his own strength when he was rented by the neighbor who mercilessly made him carry twice as heavy a load as usual. I take care to get enough sleep, so don't worry about my health. . . .

Well, I am eighteen today. They say that one's plans for

These university students, "examination hell" behind them, concentrate in a Tokyo classroom. (Copyright by H. W. Silvester. Rapho Guillumette Pictures)

the new year should be made on this day. Mine are, above all, to get through the Ichi-ko examination. I'm going to take a nap and then get to work again.

So long as it has some direction, a life which is full of difficulties has a zest all its own. I will come home as soon as the courses are over. Until then, take good care of yourself. See you soon!

February 5

. . . With regard to my work preparation, I find that I just don't have time to review each subject several times. In

English, for example, I am now drilling myself on vocabulary, grammar and idiomatic expressions. But do you think I ought to read the books we did in the fourth and fifth years? It's not as though these were elementary-school examinations and I don't suppose they will give us pieces out of textbooks. What do you think?

In math the tests will probably only cover material up to permutations and combinations.

What should I do about history and the other subjects where one has to memorize? If I tried to bone up on them now, this would take me a terribly long time. What would you say if I left them for the moment, concentrated on English and mathematics and, about two weeks before the examination, devoted myself exclusively to the memory subjects?

To Ichiro from His Mother

It pleases me to see how intense your life has become, now that you have the Ichi-ko entrance examination as your goal. That being the case, you have nothing to fear from the examinations. Don't let them frighten you. For instance, don't let yourself be swayed by such thoughts as "What if I don't pass . . . what if I don't manage to be ready in time, etc." Keep calm, just as you are now, and don't get anxious.

As to your program of study. I don't know much about it, but I should have thought it was essential to go through all the English books once. The questions won't be exactly as they appear in the books, but won't the words and expressions appear in some other form? Look through them once, if only briefly.

I have nothing to say about the mathematics. As to the history and sciences, leave them for later as you have planned. The English and mathematics papers are sure to be the deciding factors.

Try not to get upset!

You seem quite nervous these days. Is it because things are not going as well as you want them to?

Even if you don't pass, you will have lost nothing. Isn't that how you ought to look at it?

So try not to worry.

Even if you fail, the work you have done will not be wasted. For a boy like you, the most important thing is to strive with all your might to reach a definite goal.

It grieves me to see you struggling like someone who has fallen into the water, but it is this type of effort that will help strengthen your character.

Tell yourself that this is what I expect of you and act accordingly.

From Ichiro to His Mother

February 11

What a mother! Glad to see me floundering about in the water! . . .

To Ichiro from His Mother

This afternoon you said, with a sigh, that you were not managing to keep up with your program. I then answered that everything would be all right.

I say it again. Everything *will* be all right. This doesn't mean that you are certain to pass. . . . I know your capacity. If you don't pass, it will be because at the moment you just haven't been exposed to enough knowledge; that the ability is not lacking. Well, good luck. If you pass, send a telegram.

From Ichiro to His Mother

February 20

When did the telegram arrive? You must have been waiting impatiently.

I was perfectly calm during the examinations, but I couldn't sleep last night.

As it was my first attempt, I had no idea what marks the examiners might give me, or how good the other candidates were. . . .

Waiting for the results is much more harrowing than the examinations themselves. It haunts you wherever you are; you think about it in the movies, even while eating. I was amazed to find myself so nervous and wondered why it happens to such an extent. You, the one who shared my anxiety, were not with me and as for Father, all he said was: "What is to be, will be," which left me to torment myself on my own. Last night I remember hearing the clock strike two.

"If I pass . . . if I fail . . ." It was terrible just to think of it. But the more I tried to keep it out of my mind, the more I worried about whether I would . . .

It had been announced that the results would be posted today at about twelve o'clock. . . .

I simply could not summon up the courage to go and see, and I had a strong desire to ask Father to go for me. But if he were to say, "You have not passed," there would be the agonizing feeling that he might by chance have missed my name, and if he said, "You have passed," I would simply have to see for myself. After hesitating for a long time, I made up my mind to go at nightfall.

To pass the time from lunch to evening I went to the movies; but I didn't enjoy it at all. Then at about four o'clock I furtively (and I really had that sensation!) made my way towards Ichi-ko.

When I got to Shibuya I passed several boys who had already been in and were leaving. It is strange how you can tell who has passed and who has failed. Those who must have passed took big strides and walked along cheerfully. The others forced themselves to look unconcerned, but their set faces showed how much it was costing them.

When it struck me that in five minutes I would probably look just like them, all my courage—which I had screwed up with difficulty—melted away and I really wanted to turn back without seeing the admissions list.

In the tramcar I noticed several boys who did not seem very confident—boys like me, in fact. . . . In the end I edged through the crowd standing in a group round the notice

board and looked for my number, but I couldn't see it. My heart began to pound very hard and I looked round to see if there was anyone I knew watching me. At that moment my eye fell on the top section of the list and I saw the word *Science*. What a relief! I felt stupid and, at the same time, cross with myself for having lost my head to such an extent!

On the *Arts* board my number immediately jumped before my eyes. I felt so happy that it seemed as though all the muscles in my body had relaxed. But then I suddenly felt that perhaps I had made a mistake; I took my examination card out of my pocket and compared my number with the one on the board, figure by figure, several times over. I can't tell you how thrilled I felt when I was completely certain that it really was mine. Only then did I feel really safe. . . .

During the trip back I had an insane desire to tell everybody that I had got into Ichi-ko, and I only restrained myself with difficulty; still, I could hardly go boasting to people I didn't know from Adam. I hurried to send you a telegram from the Kanda post office.

Funnily enough, after I had wanted so much to tell everybody that I had passed, when Father said, in his usual way, "Well, how have you done?" it seemed a pity to answer him straightaway. Isn't that odd? But Father seemed so pleased to hear that I had passed, and realizing also that you would sleep in peace after receiving my telegram, I soon began to feel happy all over.

It will be eleven o'clock shortly and you must have received the telegram. I'm going to bed now; but I don't think I will be able to get to sleep very easily tonight either. Last night I made lots of plans in case I passed, and there are others to add. . . .

Good night, dearest Mother, . . .

Your Ichiro

Editor's Postscript: Ichiro took his exams in 1948. In the years since then, the pressures on high school students have become even greater. It is a rare student or parent who takes "examination hell" as lightly as Ichiro and his mother did.

Admission to the best public schools, such as the University of Tokyo, means a relatively inexpensive education and a guarantee of a good job after graduation. The best private schools are frightfully expensive, and the less outstanding schools offer much poorer career prospects.

The exams fall in January and February, and many students begin cramming a full year or even two years ahead of time. They study several hours a day, devote vacations to study, and give up virtually all outside activities: sports, music, recreation. In the final months many families hire tutors. The student is freed of all responsibilities at home. The family does its utmost to make it possible for the student to study hard.

On examination day, one or both parents generally accompany the student to the examination hall, waiting outside during the examination. Several days pass before the results are known. Each year the news media report the suicides of several high school students who failed the exams. Such are the human costs of fierce competition and of the determination—of students *and* their parents—that the students will pass.

Family Solidarity

Editor's Introduction: Examination time is a period of great stress for Japanese children. If it weren't for the solidarity of the Japanese family, that period might be unbearable. But close family ties provide enormous psychological support for the individual.

The Japanese family today, like the American family, consists primarily of parents and their children—what sociologists call the "nuclear family." Only a few generations ago, most Japanese lived in "extended families," which included not only the parents and children but also grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

As similar as Japanese and American families may be today, there are important differences. For example, most Japanese children do not have their own bedrooms, even when there are extra rooms in the house. Only the children going through "examination hell" are entitled to a private room. Many marriages in Japan today are still arranged by older relatives. In this and other aspects of life, the individual does not make important decisions without consulting with his family. What is lost in individuality, however, is gained in security, for the family sees individual concerns as family concerns, and this includes examinations as well as marriages.

In the following selection, an American sociologist describes family life in a Tokyo suburb, Mamachi. His study was conducted in 1960, but it accurately details the direction in which Japanese family life has continued to move. Note particularly the closeness of mother and child. This may help to explain the intimacy of the correspondence between Ichiro and his mother.

Ezra F. Vogel, *Japan's New Middle Class* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1961), pp. 208–16. Reprinted by permission.

What holds the Japanese family together? What holds your own family together? Why is the Japanese father "odd man out"?

The Household Unit

Although the nuclear family has replaced the [extended family line] as the basic social unit in Mamachi, loyalty to the family remains strong. One rarely hears of sacrificing for ancestors or descendants, but nothing is more virtuous than sacrificing for parents or children.

It is true that family loyalty is not sentimentalized in talk about "our happy home" or "home sweet home," but this reflects a lack of sentimentality, not an absence of sentiment. Family altars and treasures have declined in importance, but the modern family's photo albums, souvenirs from trips, festival dolls, and the family *kotatsu* [a heating unit set in the floor in the middle of the living room] are probably equally meaningful symbols of family solidarity.

Just as the Mamachi resident makes a sharp distinction between friend and stranger, so a large barrier separates family members from outsiders. Outside the home, one must be more formally dressed, more polite, more cautious, and more suspicious. In accord with the well-known proverbs, "If you meet a stranger, regard him as a robber," and "Outside your gate, there are seven enemies," a person is on his guard outside. In the annual bean-sowing ceremony each family scatters beans in its house and yard while repeating the traditional phrase, "May good fortune stay in and misfortune get out."

The home is a haven from the outside world. Aside from relatives and the wife's intimate friends, guests are rarely invited to a home, and if invited they are usually confined to the guest room. Other rooms are reserved for the family, and a spontaneous tour of the house is almost inconceivable. . . .

Nearly all homes have high fences and many have a watch dog. The gate to this outside fence is locked during much of the day and can be opened only from the inside. The gate is left open for errand boys, but they do not enter the house, and

visitors remain at the door of the house with their shoes on, until invited to come in.

Within the home, a family member takes his shoes off, stretches out on the tatami mats, and changes to more comfortable robes. In the winter time, everyone sits in the *kotatsu*, enjoying the warmth of the family circle, both literally and figuratively. Here, under the same quilt, family members eat, read, talk, and watch television. Older children may study while others in the same *kotatsu* are talking or watching TV, and younger children may lie back and fall asleep with their feet hanging in the *kotatsu*.

Generally, a family with two or three children will sleep in one or two rooms. Though many people explain that this is because Japan is such a poor and crowded country, even families that have more rooms generally have the whole family

The children of the Mamachi families have families of their own now. Perhaps this is one such family. (Copyright by Doug Hurst)

sleeping in one, two, or at most three rooms, their mats lined up close together, everyone enjoying the comfort of being close together. . . .

As united and relaxed as the family feels at home, it is considered improper for family members, especially husband and wife, to display affection in public. Husbands and wives holding hands or walking arm in arm are still regarded as a bit unseemly. In public, a husband carefully avoids saying anything complimentary to his wife about her cooking, appearance, or cleverness and it is equally inappropriate for the wife to compliment her husband in public. . . .

Mother and Children vs. Father

Within the family, various coalitions unite or divide the members. . . . Internal cleavages are not unique to the Japanese family. . . . In the office clique, for example, the boss who senses that his men strain to be polite to him and stop their joking when he arrives also feels left out. This is precisely the problem of the typical Mamachi father in relation to his family. He is treated in many ways as a high-status guest in the home, a welcome, friendly, and even jovial guest, but one who stands on the periphery of the intimate circle of mother and children.

The linkage of the children and mother and the exclusion of the father is not an entirely fixed and stable pattern. Sometimes family coalition patterns change from day to day or year to year. At times the father may have a particularly strong relationship with one of the children, and at other times the mother and father may be united against the children. A teenage daughter may unite with her father to complain about the mother's strictness at the same time she unites with her mother to plot how to get the father to buy more things for the home. But in almost all families we saw or heard about in some detail, the most common emotional cleavage was between the father on the one hand and the mother and children on the other.

One woman, for example, explained that she dislikes Sundays because her husband is home the whole day and consequently she and the children cannot relax. Another woman confessed that it is better for the father to come home a little late and eat supper separately because when he is home the children must be more restrained. They cannot talk, bustle around, and enjoy the supper hour when the father is at home. Another lady who suffers from psychosomatic difficulties has a husband who does some traveling as part of his work; her difficulties become worse when he is stationed at the home office and comes home early every night, and improve when he is away.

The coalition of mother and child is not necessarily hostile to the father. It may mean only that the mother and children share things which are not shared with the father and that they see themselves as united for common objectives which are different from those of the father.

The basic alignment is manifested in many ways: the reserve of the wife and children in the presence of the father, the secrets they keep from him, the plots of the mother and children for dealing with him. The children and the wife are to some extent on perpetual good behavior when the father is present. Like American students with their professor, they may joke and talk freely with their father about many topics, but they may relax more freely and tell other kinds of jokes in his absence. . . .

The cleavage between father and family is accentuated by the amount of time the mother and children spend together without the father. In comparison with the American middle-class mother, the Japanese mother spends more time with the children, the father less time. . . . Because the wife and children center virtually their entire world in the home, they have an intensely close relationship which it is virtually impossible for the father to share.

The father's power also contributes to the emotional distance between him and the rest of the family. Because the wife and children know that the father may become firm or de-

manding, they are cautious, reserved, and rarely completely at ease in his presence. . . .

Some fathers at times try to break into the mother-child coalition. When the children are in bed the father may talk with the mother about her problems and lend a sympathetic ear to her difficulties in dealing with the children. Or he may try to upset the coalition by telling the mother to stop babying the children so much and to make them do things on their own. Or he may respond sympathetically to the children's wishes or their complaints about their mother's treatment of them, thus getting one or more of them aligned with him against the mother.

Such solutions are generally temporary. More commonly the father accepts the coalition of mother and children as a fact of life, treats them kindly while keeping his distance, and satisfies himself that they are considerate and look after him. Although the father is sometimes sorry to feel left out and would like to feel closer, at other times he prefers to keep some distance and is pleased that the family does not try to encroach on his life.

Although this coalition of father versus the rest of the family involves strains, it almost never leads to an open rupture for there are many satisfactions in the familial system as well as social restraints preventing an open break. Without the family, the father would be lonely. At the barest minimum, it provides him a group where he belongs and can turn to in time of sickness, trouble, and retirement. The family looks after his welfare, sees that he is properly fed and clothed, and properly cares for his belongings. Children run to look after his comfort. He derives stable emotional support from his wife which is not equaled by any of his shorter-term contacts with women outside the home. He derives pleasure from having children and he takes pride in their accomplishments.

The wife and children are less likely to turn to him for emotional support, although they do rely on him for economic support. Furthermore, wives do turn to their husbands for help in making difficult decisions regarding the children, and young

children do enjoy their relationship with their father. Older boys commonly look to their father for guidance, and older girls respond to the flirtatious joking with the father and enjoy listening to his exploits as a way of finding out about the outside world.

Part of the reason that the relationship between the father and the rest of the family is so stable despite the distance is that difficulties can be contained without disrupting the basic pattern of relationships. If, as in many modern young couples, the husband and wife desire to be closer, this is possible. But if there are difficulties and the father is disappointed with the mother and the children, he can simply enjoy more of the pleasures of the bars and the company gang and spend less time at home.

Similarly, because the wife ordinarily expects to get much of her emotional comfort and support from her children and her intimate friends, she is not so disappointed if she and her husband do not have an intimate relationship. . . .

Even though Mamachi youth complain about the older generation in general, they are almost invariably sympathetic with their mothers. This close tie to the mother puts an effective damper on what might otherwise lead to more serious ruptures between generations. . . .

The Governor and the Japanese Americans

Editor's Introduction: There are today some 500,000 Americans of Japanese descent. The vast majority were born in America and are therefore American citizens by birth. What has their experience been?

Factors of personality and training lie behind Japan's economic growth over the past hundred years. The same factors—sacrifice, perseverance, loyalty—fitted the Japanese Americans to thrive in the United States.

And thrive they have. By virtually every measure of success, the Japanese Americans have made greater strides than any other minority. In average level of educational achievement, the Japanese Americans have surpassed the white American population.

However, we must not assume from these accomplishments that the road has been easy. The Japanese Americans form a racially distinct minority, and they or their ancestors came to America from a country with which the United States fought a bitter war. These two factors have combined to make the experience of Japanese Americans a very difficult one.

Racial distinctness itself was enough to cause the Japanese Americans much suffering. From the first (immigration from Japan began, for all practical purposes, around 1890), the Japanese Americans settled mainly in California, and white Californians did not welcome them.

Text in E. G. Mears, *Resident Orientals on the Pacific Coast* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1927), pp. 494–504.

In February, 1905, the California legislature passed unanimously a resolution asking Congress to limit Japanese immigration. One passage from that act declared:

> Japanese laborers, by reason of race habits, mode of living, disposition and general characteristics, are undesirable. . . . Japanese . . . do not buy land [or] build or buy houses. . . . They contribute nothing to the growth of the state. They add nothing to its wealth, and they are a blight on the prosperity of it and a great and impending danger to its welfare.

In 1906 the San Francisco school board attempted to exclude Japanese-American children from the regular public schools, but the intervention of President Theodore Roosevelt (he was worried about Japan's hostile reaction) led the board to relent. In 1913 the California legislature passed a law preventing "aliens ineligible for citizenship"—meaning Chinese and Japanese—from owning land. In 1919 the American Legion and the California Federation of Labor were among the founders of the Oriental Exclusion League.

Finally, in 1924, the U.S. Congress passed an immigration act (the "National Origins Act"), which set up quotas for each nationality. These quotas were based on the census of 1890, before the heavy immigration from eastern and southern Europe had begun. Thus, the quotas effectively restricted immigration from these areas. But for China and Japan there was not even a quota!

The following selection is a letter from the Governor of California to the Secretary of State of the United States, written in 1920. At the time, the tone of this letter was not considered particularly harsh or intemperate. How do you react to it today?

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

SACRAMENTO, June 19, 1929

Hon. Bainbridge Colby,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith the official report prepared and filed with me by the State Board of Control of California on the subject of Oriental immigration, population, and land ownership.

• • •

Twenty years ago our Japanese population was nominal. Ten years ago the census reports of the United States government showed a Japanese population in California of 41,356. A survey and computation recently made by the Board of Control of the State of California indicates that at the present time this Japanese population has been more than doubled—it amounting now to 87,279. . . .

The Japanese in our midst have indicated a strong trend to land ownership and land control, and by their unquestioned industry and application, and by standards and methods that are widely separated from our occidental standards and methods, both in connection with hours of labor and standards of living, have gradually developed to a control of many of our important agricultural industries. Indeed, at the present time they operate 458,056 acres of the very best lands in California. The increase in acreage control within the last decade, according to these official figures has been 412.9 per cent. In productive values—that is to say, in the market value of crops produced by them—our figures show that as against $6,235,856 worth of produce marketed in 1909, the increase has been to $67,145,730, approximately tenfold.

More significant than these figures, however, is the demonstrated fact that within the last ten years Japanese agricultural labor has developed to such a degree that at the present time between 80 and 90 per cent of most of our vegetable and berry products are those of the Japanese farms. Approximately 80 per cent of the tomato crop of the state is produced by Japanese; from 80 to 100 per cent of the spinach crop; a greater part of our potato and asparagus crops, and so on. So that it is apparent without much more effective restrictions, in a very short time, historically speaking, the Japanese population within our midst will represent a considerable portion of our entire population, and the Japanese control over certain essential food products will be an absolute one.

These Japanese, by very reason of their use of economic standards impossible to our white ideals—that is to say, the employment of their wives and their very children in the arduous toil of the soil—are proving crushing competitors to our white rural populations. The fecundity of the Japanese race far exceeds that of any other people that we have in our midst. They send their children for short periods of time to our white schools, and in many of the country schools of our state the spectacle is presented of having a few white children acquiring their education in classrooms crowded with Japanese. The deep-seated and often outspoken resentment of our white mothers at this situation can only be appreciated by those people who have struggled with similar problems.

It is with great pride that I am able to state that the people of California have borne this situation and seen its developing menace with a patience and self-restraint beyond all praise. California is proud to proclaim to the nation that despite this social situation her people have been guilty of no excesses and no indignities upon the Japanese within our borders. No outrage, no violence, no insult, and no ignominy have been offered to the Japanese people within California.

It is also proper to state that I believe I speak the feelings of our people when I express to you a full recognition of the many admirable qualities of the Japanese people. We assume no arrogant superiority of race or culture over them. Their art, their literature, their philosophy, and, in recent years, their scientific attainments have gained for them a respect from the white peoples in which we, who know them so well, fully share. . . . We respect the right of the Japanese to their true development and to the attainment of their destiny.

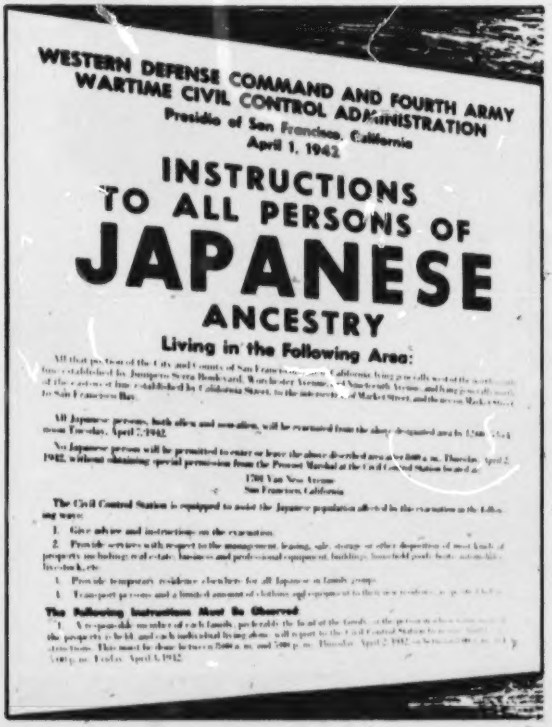
All these matters I am at pains to emphasize so as to convince you, and, through you the people of our United States, that this problem of ours is not an insignificant or temporary one. It is not factious. It has no origin in narrow race prejudice or rancor or hostility. It is, however, a solemn problem affecting our entire Occidental civilization. It has nothing to do with any pretensions of race superiority, but has vitally to do with race dissimilarity and unassimilability.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

But with all this the people of California are determined to repress a developing Japanese community within our midst. They are determined to exhaust every power in their keeping to maintain this state for its own people. This determination is based fundamentally upon the ethnological impossibility of assimilating the Japanese people and the consequential alternative of increasing a population whose very race isolation must be fraught with the gravest consequences.

California stands as an outpost on the western edge of Occidental civilization. Her people are the sons or the followers of the Argonauts who wended their way westward over the plains of the Middle West, the Rocky Mountains, and the desert; and here they set up their homes and planted their flags; and here, without themselves recognizing it at the time, they

The attitudes represented in the governor's letter led after Pearl Harbor to the forcible removal of all Japanese Americans from the West Coast. (Franklin D. Roosevelt Library)



WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY
WARTIME CIVIL CONTROL ADMINISTRATION
Presidio of San Francisco, California
April 1, 1942

INSTRUCTIONS
TO ALL PERSONS OF
JAPANESE
ANCESTRY
Living in the Following Area:

All persons, both alien and non-alien, will be evacuated from the above designated area by 12:00 noon Tuesday, April 7, 1942.

No Japanese person will be permitted to enter or leave the above described area after 5:00 p.m. Thursday, April 2, 1942, without obtaining special permission from the Provost Marshal at the Civil Control Station located at:

1700 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, California

The Civil Control Station is equipped to assist the Japanese population affected by this evacuation in the following ways:

1. Give advice and instructions on the evacuation.
2. Provide services with respect to the management, leasing, sale, storage or other disposition of most kinds of property, including real estate, business and professional equipment, furniture, household goods, boats, automobiles and livestock, etc.
3. Provide temporary residence elsewhere for all Japanese in family groups.
4. Transport persons and a limited amount of clothing and equipment to their new residences.

The Following Instructions Must Be Observed:

1. A responsible member of each family, preferably the head of the family, or the person in whose name the property is held, and each individual living alone, will report to the Civil Control Station to receive further instructions. This must be done between 8:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. Thursday, April 2, 1942, or between 1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. Friday, April 3, 1942.

took the farthest westward step that the white man can take. From our shores roll the waters of the Pacific. From our coast the mind's eye takes its gaze and sees on the other shores of that great ocean the teeming millions of the Orient, with its institutions running their roots into the most venerable antiquity, its own inherited philosophy and standards of life, its own peculiar races and colors.

The Pacific, we feel, is shortly to become one of the most important highways of commerce on this earth. Amity and concord and that interchange of material goods as well as ideas, which such facilities offer, will inevitably take place to the benefit of both continents. But that our white race will readily intermix with the yellow strains of Asia, and that out of this interrelationship shall be born a new composite human being is manifestly impossible. Singularly enough, while historical facts are not always susceptible of scientific demonstration, it is true, if our study serves us, that the blood fusion of the Occident and the Orient has nowhere ever successfully taken place. Whether the cause be but a social sense of repugnance, or whether it be insuperable scientific hindrances, is utterly beside the question. . . .

California harbors no animosity against the Japanese people or their nation. California, however, does not wish the Japanese people to settle within her borders and to develop a Japanese population within her midst. California views with alarm the rapid growth of these people within the last decade in population as well as in land control, and foresees in the not distant future the gravest menace of serious conflict if this development is not immediately and effectively checked. Without disparaging these people of just sensibilities, we cannot look for intermarriage or that social interrelationship which must exist between the citizenry of a contented community.

It may be an exquisite refinement, but we cannot feel contented at our children imbibing their first rudiments of education from the lips of the public school teacher in classrooms crowded with other children of a different race. They do not and will not associate in that relationship prevalent elsewhere

in the public schools of this country. We recognize that this attitude is too deep-seated to remove. And we recognize that with this attitude goes the necessity of Japanese isolation and that inevitable feeling which socially a proscribed race always develops.

California wants peace. But California wants to retain this commonwealth for her own peoples where they may grow up and develop their own ideals. . . .

California is making this appeal primarily, of course, for herself, but in doing so she feels that the problem is hers solely because of her geographical position on the Pacific slope. She stands as one of the gateways for Oriental immigration into this country. Her people are the first affected, and unless the race ideals and standards are preserved here at the national gateway the conditions that will follow must soon affect the rest of the continent.

I trust that I have clearly presented the California point of view, and that in any correspondence or negotiations with Japan which may ensue as the result of the accompanying report, or any action which the people of the state of California may take thereon, you will understand that it is based entirely on the principle of race self preservation and the ethnological impossibility of successfully assimilating this constantly increasing flow of Oriental blood.

I have the honor to remain,

Yours very respectfully,

WM. D. STEPHENS
Governor of California

Remember Pearl Harbor, and Then . . .

PART I

Editor's Introduction: Here is one Japanese American's recollection of his own wartime experience. Hiroshi's father was an immigrant, born in Japan. His older brother had returned to Japan for his education. Consequently, Hiroshi's experience was hardly typical of the Japanese-American community. In particular, his family is set apart from most Japanese American families by their strong sympathy for Japan.

Why was Hiroshi's father pro-Japanese? Why was Hiroshi treated as he was? What effects did this treatment have on him?

WORLD WAR II came to the Japanese of Guadalupe like a hammer blow. Within hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor clusters of FBI agents had arrived at this small farming town in California's Santa Maria Valley. Swiftly, silently, they sealed off the town, cut telephone lines to Japanese homes and spirited off a score of Japanese leaders. They left as swiftly and as mysteriously as they had come, leaving behind a stunned community.

Hiroshi's father was one of those they had taken away. But it had happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the

Gene Oishi, "Remember Pearl Harbor, and Then . . . ," Los Angeles *Times West* magazine, March 12, 1967. Reprinted by permission.

boy was overcome more by bewilderment than sorrow. As for the war, the very magnitude of the catastrophe gave it a dream-like quality. It was only perhaps four months later, when the sheriff came to their house, that events were reduced to dimensions comprehensible to a 9-year-old boy.

The sheriff, a bluff, bulb-nosed Irishman, was something of a celebrity in Guadalupe. He was acknowledged, even by adults, as the toughest man in town, and his exploits in single-handedly breaking up barroom brawls had been retold until they had become legendary. The presence of such a personage in their parlor, it seemed to Hiroshi, must mean that extraordinary events were in the offing. Indeed, the sheriff was saying the Japanese would have to leave California and explaining how the evacuation would be accomplished.

Changes, some big, some subtle, followed the sheriff's visit. Strangers came knocking at the door, expressing interest in tools and furniture advertised for sale. Hiroshi, like most Japanese children, now wore cowboy boots. His mother had bought them along with canteens, knapsacks and pith helmets in preparation for whatever wilderness was in store for them. Teachers were more lenient now and apt to overlook lapses in discipline that previously might have brought a sharp whack of a ruler across the wrist. But the children, too, perhaps a bit self-conscious, were better behaved.

Mrs. A., the sixth-grade teacher, even dropped by the house. Her presence in the house was even more alarming than that of the sheriff had been. She was a huge, formidable woman, and next to the principal she was the most feared person in the grammar school. Hiroshi was too young for Mrs. A.'s class, but he had seen her often enough, striding through the school grounds, a yardstick in hand, to break up a fight. The sight of her was enough to make even the innocent quake, and the crowd would quickly part to give her wide passage.

All of Hiroshi's brothers and sisters had gone through Mrs. A.'s class, and at least one of his brothers had felt the sting of her yardstick. So Hiroshi was not prepared for the sight of Mrs. A. tearfully shaking hands with them. And before he could recover from his shock, she descended upon him, swooped

him up in her powerful arms and pressed him against her massive bosom.

It seemed to Hiroshi that these were symptoms of catastrophic times. Somehow the world as he knew it had gone askew. The sheriff and Mrs. A. were not strangers. In their own milieu they were as familiar as Mr. Yamada, the grocer. But now they were not staying in their accustomed places, nor were they behaving in their accustomed ways. For Guadalupe was divided into three distinct communities—the white, the Mexican and the Japanese—and the three mixed only in certain places, like the school, and even then to a very limited degree.

The Japanese community was completely self-contained. It had its own shops, farmers' association, women's club, movie theater, gambling hall, restaurants and brothels. For the children there was the Japanese school at the Buddhist church, which they attended every day after regular school was over.

At home and in the Japanese community Hiroshi learned of the divinity of the Emperor. At the American school he learned that George Washington was the father of our country and that Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. In the newspapers and on the radio he learned that Joe Louis was a credit to his race. In Japanese community meetings he enthusiastically shouted "banzai" to the Emperor, and at school daily pledged allegiance to the flag of the United States.

At home he heard again and again how Admiral Togo destroyed the Russian fleet and, like any Japanese schoolboy, knew by heart the inspirational message the Admiral sent to his men before the battle. He was also told that President Roosevelt was a great man, and when he spoke on the radio the family gathered in the living room to listen. The only other time the whole family listened to the radio was when Joe Louis fought.

In the alleys and junk yards of Guadalupe and in the surrounding woods and pastures, the cry of "Hi-yo, Silver!" followed by the staccato of mock gunplay was as common an occurrence as a duel between two silent samurai, leering . . . over their wooden swords. It was not uncommon to see a

Japanese Americans and their belongings face U.S. troops at one evacuation center. (War Relocation Authority)

Japanese boy with a six-shooter strapped to his belt on one side and two wooden swords stuck in his belt on the other.

If there was conflict in this reckless mixture of East and West, it went largely unnoticed in the joyful thoughtlessness of childish minds. For the mixture was complete. An after-school snack could just as easily be a riceball wrapped in seaweed as a peanut-butter-and-jam sandwich. And peanuts, hot dogs and hamburgers were just as great a treat as *sushi* [rice balls, usually with raw fish] and chicken teriyaki.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Hiroshi's father came home to give the news to the family. He was jubilant. He said all the men gathered at the farmers' association meeting house

and cheered. His mother said it was very foolish of them to have done so. Hiroshi didn't understand why the greatest nation in the world would attack the United States, the country with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, President Roosevelt, and Joe Louis. He saw the look in his mother's eyes and the furrows in her brow and he knew that all was not well.

Hiroshi's father was arrested by the FBI that very night, and the family was not to see him again until shortly before the end of the war. The family received a solemn letter of farewell a week after his arrest. He had written it from a jail cell where, fed on bread and water, he had waited, fully expecting to be executed. That he was soon removed to an Army camp where he received good treatment was one of the few pleasant surprises the white man had given him during the 40 years he had been in the United States.

Hiroshi's father was one of many issei (first-generation) leaders who were arrested and segregated during most of the war. They had never felt any loyalty to the United States, which denied them citizenship, land ownership and the license to engage in most professions. They had professed their loyalty to Japan openly and with bravado, and had contributed heavily over the years to the Japanese war chest from their earnings in the United States. For them it was an act as natural and patriotic as Americans buying defense bonds.

Hiroshi, like most Japanese children, had done his part. He saved aluminum foil from candy bar and cigarette wrappers and rolled them in a ball. When the ball reached the size of a grapefruit, it was sent to Japan to be used for making aircraft.

After the war broke out, however, it seemed just as natural to buy U.S. Defense stamps, and Hiroshi did so at school and at the post office where a poster showed Hitler saying: "Today Germany, tomorrow the world." Hiroshi's brother, home from the university for the Christmas holidays, would always say it in German as he passed the poster and only laughed when Hiroshi pleaded with him to stop it. Another poster showed

three rats with the faces of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. The inclusion of Tojo disturbed him, and he repeatedly asked his mother if Tojo-daijin was evil.

As the war progressed, Japanese victories in the Pacific brought fear of sabotage, espionage and fifth-column activity and shrill demands for exclusion of Japanese from the West Coast. The evacuation order came in March of 1942 from Lieutenant General J. L. DeWitt, commander of the Western Defense Command, who echoed what had become the prevailing view, "A Jap is a Jap; it makes no difference whether he's an American or not."

Japanese countered feebly with the whispered epithet, "Nit-wit DeWitt," but made no great protest against the evacuation. Within 90 days 110,000 Japanese—including 70,000 U.S. citizens—living in California, Oregon, and Washington, were shipped to concentration camps.

Remember Pearl Harbor, and Then . . .

PART II

Editor's Introduction: In the preceding selection Hiroshi learned of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and saw his father arrested. He also learned of the decision to seize all Japanese Americans on the West Coast and ship them to "relocation centers" well inland.

Here Hiroshi's story continues as his family travels—under guard—to an "assembly center," from which they ultimately travel to a "relocation center" in Arizona.

How do you think you would react to such an experience?

THE TRAIN WAS crowded and stuffy. Huge American M.P.'s sat in the rear of each car. Hiroshi didn't remember much about the trip later on except that when they ate in the dining car, the Negro waiters were surly and the Japanese didn't get the same things as the soldiers. The soldiers got eggs, sunny side up, and ham for breakfast. The Japanese got eggs, too, but they were scrambled and looked like custard; they got no ham.

Their destination was Tulare, California. The race track there had been converted to a temporary camp with hurriedly constructed barracks. . . .

The camp was enclosed with two barbed-wire fences about 10 feet high. Armed sentries patrolled the area between the two fences. Children at first stood by the fence and called

out, "Hi!" to the soldiers, but they looked straight ahead and didn't reply. So the children soon didn't pay much attention to them. Towers were constructed along the perimeter of the camp. Each was manned by soldiers armed with a machine gun and searchlight. At night the lights would poke their big yellow beams along the barbed-wire fences.

One boy, about 20 years old, escaped anyway. It was said he did it on a $5 bet. He was caught trying to crawl back into camp after having attended a movie in town. The next morning he came to the mess hall for breakfast handcuffed to a white man, but he was soon released without further punishment. He was one of the first to volunteer for the Army when Japanese were allowed to do so and was killed in action.

The stay in Tulare was short. As Japanese were shipped to the "assembly centers," such as Tulare, more permanent "relocation centers" were already going up in the wilderness areas in the interior of the country. Hiroshi and his family were destined for a camp in Arizona.

The move to Tulare had had a touch of adventure, but Arizona seemed forbidding. The area, it was said, was infested with rattlesnakes, poisonous lizards, scorpions and centipedes. The three-day train trip, through endless stretches of wasteland, was not reassuring. The last part of the trip was by bus. It was a long ride, sufficiently long to impress upon all their utter isolation. There were no barbed-wire fences around this camp. None was needed.

The family was assigned the number 72-12-A upon their arrival, which meant block 72, barrack 12, compartment A. They were taken there by an Army truck. They had to put handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses as the dust from the unpaved roads swirled into the canvas-topped truck. The camp was still incomplete, and reminded Hiroshi of ghost towns he had seen in Western movies. But unlike the drab, tarpaper barracks of Tulare, the barracks here were made of white plasterboard. They also had red roofs, giving the camp a bright, clean appearance.

Everyone was hungry during the first months. Children

filched potatoes from the warehouse whenever they got a chance. They would pack them in mud and bake them in the desert. Stealing, if it was from government stores, was not only acceptable, it seemed to be everyone's primary occupation during the first weeks. Adults made nightly raids on government lumber supplies, with which they made furniture, shelves and closets.

Political activity was fierce during the first year of internment. The arrest and removal of *issei* leaders earlier in the war had left the Japanese community politically amorphous [without form]. But as new leadership emerged, the community was polarized into pro-American and pro-Japanese factions. The second generation *nisei* leadership advocated loyalty to the United States and clamored for an opportunity to serve in the Armed Forces. The *kibei* (those educated in Japan) urged renunciation of U.S. citizenship.

The fight was bitter and exploded at times into violence. Saburo Kido, then president of the pro-American Japanese-American Citizens League, was ambushed one night by some toughs who beat him so severely that he had to be hospitalized.

Many families were split by the issue. Hiroshi's oldest brother was a *kibei* and a member of the clandestine pro-Japanese organization in camp. Two younger brothers, products of American schools and universities, had cast their lots with the United States, a decision made without hesitation, but not without emotional conflict. The bad feelings generated during this time were to last for the war's duration.

Hiroshi tried not to pay much attention to this conflict, but the issues remained in the back of his mind and troubled him. One morning when he stepped outside his barracks he saw that during the night someone had erected a large Japanese flag atop the butte overlooking the camp. Everybody pointed to it and laughed, for it had the appearance of a schoolboy prank. Hiroshi laughed too, but the sight filled him with foreboding.

It was only a few days later that the government rounded up known hard-core, pro-Japan agitators and placed them in

segregated camps. Hiroshi's oldest brother was one of those arrested. He was taken away during the night, quickly and quietly, just as his father had been earlier. The family later learned he was in a camp in Utah.

By February of 1943, *nisei* were allowed to volunteer for military service, and one of Hiroshi's brothers enlisted in the Army, despite the pleadings of his mother. His other brother, after pleading his loyalty to the United States, was allowed to go to St. Louis to work and soon was drafted.

With the departure of the political activists, the camp settled down to a humdrum life. Food supplies by then were sufficient, even abundant, and living quarters were decorated with curtains and furnished with self-made dressers, tables, chairs and other household amenities.

As physical needs were satisfied, the greatest hardship became boredom. Men went foraging in the desert for semi-petrified wood, with which they made various artifacts. Knitting was the chief pastime of women. They were able to order wool from mail order houses, and some of the more skilled women conducted classes. Jobs were available in the mess halls, hospital, school and administrative offices. The skilled workers, such as doctors, dentists and teachers, received $19 a month. The others received $16.

Nisei pledging loyalty to the United States were allowed to leave the camp to find work or to go to college in the East. The camp, thus reduced to mostly old people and children, was cut off from world events, but the realities of war intruded at times. In some quarters gold-star flags hung from crudely fashioned family altars, before which mothers would kneel and present offerings of rice.

The gold-star mothers, however, found some solace not available to others with sons in the Army. For these *issei* women, convinced that Japan would win the war, were caught in a nightmare in which their sons were fighting for a country doomed to defeat. Hiroshi's mother, like most others, turned her effort to the children still in her care. Every day she would save her share of bread from the mess tables, dry it in the sun and store it in paper bags. Food supplies would most likely be

cut off when the United States began losing the war, she reasoned.

Hiroshi went to a school staffed by white and *nisei* teachers. His mother tried to instruct him at home in Japanese but could not rekindle her child's interest. She finally gave up with a sigh.

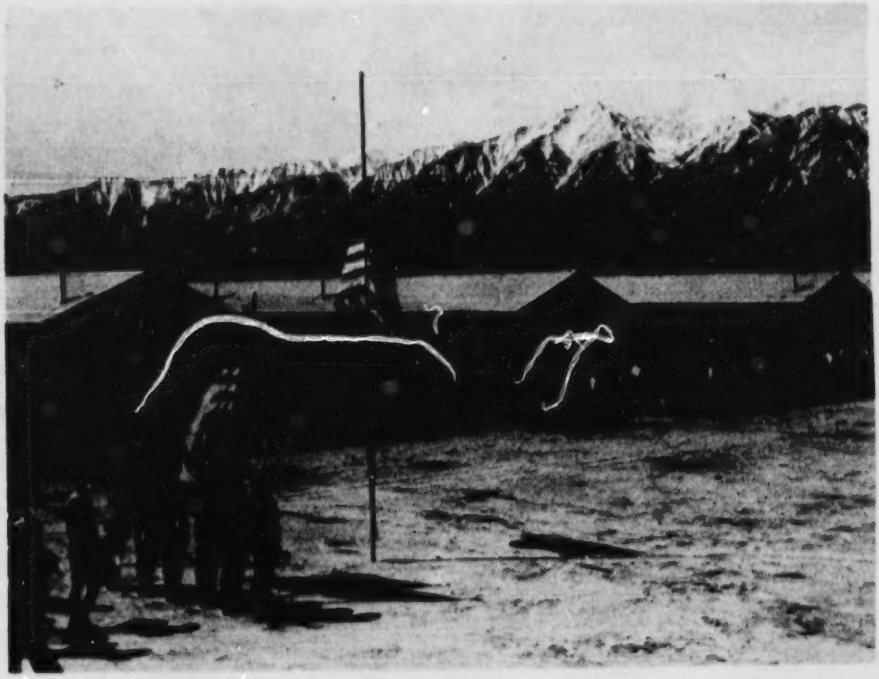
For Hiroshi, camp was not unlike summer camp or a vacation trailer court where living is reduced to essentials and the lack of luxuries only adds to the fun. He joined the Cub Scouts, played football and baseball according to the season, and during this three-and-a-half-year stay, he had learned to love the desert wilderness, spotted with sagebrush, prickly mesquites and the trident-shaped saguaro cactuses, standing like sentinels across the landscape.

But the war was coming to an end and the thought of returning to his old home, the memory of which had steadily faded, brought little pleasure. Japanese who had already returned to the West Coast had been greeted with "Japs Keep Out" signs. Vigilante-type groups had fired into Japanese homes. Hiroshi's father was reunited with his family when the war ended, but the family was scattered far apart by then. It was only Hiroshi and his now-aging parents who had the long trip home.

Guadalupe was even more desolate than he remembered it, and considerably smaller. A bowling alley had gone up on Main Street, reflecting the wartime boom, but that seemed to be the extent of the change. It was put up by a Portuguese man who before the war had worked for Hiroshi's father. He had prospered during the war.

Their home was still standing, in woeful condition, but the family, prepared for the worst, was happy to see the house there at all. The community, though reserved, showed no open hostility. Once a husky Mexican boy stopped Hiroshi on the street and said, "You dirty, yellow Jap." But when Hiroshi walked away he was not molested further.

Hiroshi's parents found work as laborers, and white em-



At the relocation camp at Manzanar, California, Japanese Americans celebrate Memorial Day. (Franklin D. Roosevelt Library)

ployers who recalled that his father was once one of the biggest farmers in the area, greeted him without condescension. A few *issei* reestablished their farms and businesses, others were scattered throughout the United States living with their children; some had died. It was clear that the Japanese community would never be the same, self-contained society that existed before the war. The war had not only crumbled the Japanese empire, but also the fabric of Japanese life in America.

In Hiroshi's family, as in virtually all Japanese families, the household had passed by now from the first generation to the second, from Japanese to American culture. While there was still Japanese spoken, it was only between Hiroshi's parents and their children. They spoke in halting English with

their grandchildren and often needed an interpreter. Before the war, the main language of family life as well as social and business intercourse had been Japanese. Now the language and its attendant culture remained but a minor and moribund adjunct to family life. The final result of the war, ironically, was greater acceptance of the Japanese by the white society and the disintegration of the Japanese community.

Hiroshi's parents accepted the change quietly. When naturalization privileges were extended to Orientals in 1952, they became citizens of the United States. As for Hiroshi, the war had brought to the surface the hidden conflict between East and West. The West had prevailed, and all that is Japanese was to fade farther and farther away until it was irrevocably lost to him and his descendants.

Disaffection

Editor's Introduction: Some 117,000 Japanese Americans were "relocated," like Hiroshi. Of these, 5,000 requested during the war that they be sent to Japan. Who in 1942 would choose life in Japan over life in America? Those who were not American citizens perhaps (they and their small children made up the majority of the returnees), but American citizens? Here is the explanation of one who decided to renounce his American citizenship and return to Japan.

I FEEL THAT I've made every attempt to identify myself with this country and its people. But every time I've tried, I've got another boot in the rear.

Why, when I was a kid I went around with Caucasians almost entirely. I'll admit that most of them were pretty nice to me and treated me like anyone else. But even during the time when I was a kid there were incidents that were hard to take. Let me give you an example. I belonged to a Boy Scout troop. Nearly all the members were Caucasians. I and another fellow were the only Japanese. We lived near Vernon and there was a swimming pool there. One time the whole troop was going there for a swim. When we got there they let everybody else in the pool except this other Japanese and me. They said, "You

Excerpted from WRA Community Analysis Notes No. 5, November 10, 1944, in *Relocation-Readings* (Pleasantville, New York: Olcott Forward, Inc., 1970), pp. 26–28.

can't swim here, we don't let Japanese in." Naturally we felt pretty raw but I tried to forget about it and say, "It's just a little thing. No use eating your heart out about it."

I got along well with Caucasians in public school. I got along pretty well in high school. But I noticed that after high school most of my Caucasian friends drifted away. The race wall was up and I couldn't make any headway against it. They talk about mingling with other people. You can't mingle with others if you can't live where they live, if you can't go where they go, and if you can't work where they work.

The thing that really woke me up was the work angle. I took in a lot of that stuff about democracy and bettering yourself that they taught me in school. So after I finished high school I enrolled at the Frank Wiggins Trade School. I went in for training in electricity and radio technician. You know, I think the Frank Wiggins Trade School is one of the best in the country. Their plan is to have their men working part-time getting practical experience while they are going to school. They have very little trouble placing their men. They have all sorts of connections.

So I was working along there, doing as well as or better than most of the students. Only they got part-time jobs and I didn't get any. I didn't think anything of it for the first six months.

After all, I figured that I didn't know much yet and that anyone so inexperienced shouldn't expect too much. But as time went on it just got funny. I knew the head of the place pretty well. He's some kind of a foreigner, a Brazilian, I believe. He had no race prejudice and did his best to help me. Why, I have sat by his desk while he phoned around trying to find a place that would take me on! He'd call up his former students, fellows who owed a lot to him and with whom he had placed many white students, and they turned him down as soon as they heard I was Japanese. I was there two years and a half and I never got a job. I thought to myself, "What the hell am I doing here? What am I spending my money for if it doesn't get me any farther than this?"

Tags identify these American citizens as they travel to an assembly center. **(Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley)**

Sure, I could have got a job as a gardener or a houseboy or in a vegetable stall. But I had my fill of that and I wanted work in the line I had trained myself for. And it isn't only the money and pride. You are held down in your associations and your social life if you can't get a job in your own line.

Even before the war I was fed up with the way I was treated here. I realized that any white foreigner who came here had a better chance than I had. But I have a Japanese face that I can't change and as long as I live I'll be discriminated against in this country. Look at the difference in the way they treated the Italians and Germans and what they did to us. You can't tell me that having a Japanese face didn't make a difference. Now they say, "It's all a mistake. We're

sorry," and expect us to forget . . . and go off and fight in the army. But the thing that gets me is that it wasn't any little group or individual that did it, but the United States Government. If your own government is against you and if citizenship doesn't count, what's the use of hanging around, I say? . . .

I don't expect any easy time in Japan. . . . I expect a much harder time of it there, at least for the first two years, than I ever had here. But when I get turned down for a job it will be because there isn't a job, and not because I look different from someone else. . . .

It's a funny thing to think about. . . . Here this government can draft me and send me anywhere to fight. And yet I am not free. I can't go a few miles to Lone Pine to buy myself something. I'm not afraid to die, and I'll fight for any country that treats me right, but I've gone through too much to fall for talk about democracy in this country any more.

World War II

Closing the Books

Editor's Introduction: Although some Japanese Americans returned to Japan, the great majority stayed in the United States and stoically accepted the official nullification of their civil rights and the loss of their homes, property, and businesses. Further, many Japanese Americans played an active part in the American war effort. The famous 442d Regimental Combat Team, which fought in France and Italy and became the most decorated unit in the U.S. Army, was made up almost entirely of volunteers and draftees from the Japanese-American community. In many cases these soldiers fought and died for a country that confined their families in concentration camps.

As a group, the Japanese Americans reacted to the camps with far less hatred, violence, and disaffection than might have been expected. Inevitably, however, the "relocation" experience left its mark. There was enormous financial loss, and compensation for this loss was slow in coming and pitifully inadequate when it came. Here is a news item from 1965.

HE WAS EVERYTHING an immigrant ought to be—a tall, vital young man, ambitious, hardworking and adventurous. For a while he was a laborer on the railroads, then a sardine fisherman, a laundry operator, an oil driller, finally a farmer. He

Newsweek, October 18, 1965. Reprinted by permission.

sent back to the old country for a wife, produced two sons and, in 1927, took a chance on some apparently worthless alkali flats in the San Joaquin Valley. There he created the largest rice-growing, milling and packaging operation in California, and there, fourteen years later, he came to grief. For Keisaburo Koda was the wrong kind of immigrant—a Japanese—in a nation suddenly at war with Japan.

Stringent measures against West Coast Japanese both foreign and native-born went into effect. Koda was forced to stop operating his business, his sons had to leave college and the members of the family, like 110,000 others of Japanese ancestry, were sent to detention camps. Rather than sell his business, Koda placed his mill, factory, and 4,000 acres of land in the hands of a trusted friend.

When the war ended, the Kodas returned to California to find that their trusted friend—who held power of attorney—had sold off the mill, the machinery and 3,000 acres of land —for his own profit. They had 990 acres left, and on these the family buckled down to make a new start. The banks were willing to make loans, there was some old machinery still about and his sons showed the same business acumen as their father. Over the postwar years the family gradually recouped its fortune.

Meanwhile, there was little compensation for the Kodas or any of their fellow sufferers. (The Federal Reserve Bank estimated the property loss of Japanese Americans at $400 million.) For those who went to court, the claims dragged on endlessly. Last week, the final one was settled. For a prewar holding worth allegedly $2.4 million, the U.S. Court of Claims awarded 15 per cent indemnity ($362,500) to the Koda family—or what remained of it. Keisaburo Koda died in 1960 at the age of 83. His son, William, died in 1961. But Edward, the surviving son, totally unbitter, remembered the statement his father had made to the court in the dismal days shortly after the war. "I have every bit of faith in American democracy," the old man had said. "I have absolute confidence in American justice." Certainly, he was 15 per cent right.

The Old Reminders

Editor's Introduction: In a famous aside during the election campaign of 1968, Vice-Presidential candidate Spiro Agnew referred to a Japanese-American reporter as "the fat Jap." During the Senate Watergate hearings in 1973, the lawyer for two of the witnesses referred to Senator Daniel Inouye (D., Hawaii) as "that little Jap." Said the lawyer shortly thereafter: "That's just the way I speak. I consider it a description of the man—I wouldn't mind being called a little American." Ultimately, the lawyer apologized to Senator Inouye.

Bill Hosokawa, the author of the following selection, is a journalist and historian whose father came to the United States from Japan in 1899 to work as a railroad section-hand.

NOT LONG AGO I was introduced at a cocktail party to a fairly important political figure. Noticing my Japanese features and trying to make conversation, he asked, "Mr. Hosokawa, how long have you been in our country?"

If I had spoken with an accent the question would have been logical. But I am American-born and American-educated and make my living as a writer and editor—in English. Noting his youth, I replied with a smile: "Sir, I think I have been in our country ten or fifteen years longer than you."

Bill Hosokawa, "The Old Reminders," © 1973 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

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Made in Japan.
Every year, Americans salute more and more American flags that weren't made in America. Flags that bear the stars and stripes and little tags reading Made in Japan or Taiwan or Hong Kong.
Those flags aren't the only things with such labels. As low-wage, foreign goods flood the market, American industries shut down. As industries shut down, people lose jobs.
When people lose their jobs, they can't buy the things you make. Chances are if Betsy Ross (the Philadelphia seamstress who made the first American flag for George Washington) were alive today, she'd be standing in line for her unemployment check.
So help yourself and help us by looking for the union label in everything you buy. You can find our label in women's and children's garments.
This label stands for the creativity of American design, the skill of American workmanship, the importance of American jobs.
Made in U.S.A.
Union Label Department, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, 22 W. 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

In late 1972, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union exhibited this advertisement in New York's subways.

He blushed as he realized his *faux pas* [mistake]. "I'm sorry," he said, "I just wasn't thinking."

How right. He would not have asked a black or a hispano how long he had lived in our country. But lurking somewhere in the back of his mind was an old stereotype—that Orientals are different and couldn't possibly be part of the American melting pot.

More startling is the experience of Utah-born David

100 Protest Garment Union Ads as Harmful to Japanese in United States

More than 100 people—Japanese-Americans, Chinese-Americans, blacks, Puerto Ricans and whites—held a demonstration on Broadway outside the International Ladies Garment Workers Union Building yesterday to protest against what they said was the union's racist advertising campaign.

Chanting, "Black, brown, yellow, white/working people must unite," they picketed on the sidewalk between 54th and 55th Streets from noon to 2 P.M.

They were protesting an advertisement that shows a large American flag with the words "Made in Japan" under it, and, in smaller letters, the question: "Has your job been exported to Japan yet? If not, it soon will be." Such posters have been displayed in subway trains since the beginning of August.

New York Times, October 26, 1972

Ushio, the third generation of his family in that mountain state. Representing the Japanese-American Citizens League, a national civic organization, Ushio was seeking a Midwestern Congressman's support for legislation affecting his group when he was asked, "Will you guarantee to me that your country will never bomb Pearl Harbor again?"

It is preposterous and tragic that a member of Congress—where three Japanese Americans are serving with distinction—should be so ignorant. Still, old misconceptions die hard and it is easy to understand why attorney John J. Wilson, in a moment of pique last week, made angry reference to Senator

Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii as "that little Jap" in connection with the Watergate hearings.

As a person of Wilson's achievement should know, the word "Jap" carries a special bitterness that is not paralleled by Jew or Swede or Turk. "Jap" was shouted as an angry epithet in the West Coast's long and shameful history of persecution against Japanese immigrants and their American-born children. . . .

The evacuation experience failed to alienate any substantial number of Japanese Americans. Thousands of them volunteered when the Army finally permitted them to enlist. One who did was 18-year-old Dan Inouye of Hawaii where, ironically, the U.S. found it expedient NOT to evacuate the Japanese-Americans for reasons of "military necessity."

Inouye went on to win a battlefield commission with the all-Nisei 442d Regimental Combat Team in the European theater. Nine days before the end of the war in Italy, while directing an attack against a German strongpoint, Inouye lost his right arm. He received the Distinguished Service Cross.

Wilson's angry "that little Jap" epithet must have stirred recollections for Inouye. On his way home to Honolulu in 1945, Capt. Dan Inouye, his empty sleeve pinned to beribboned tunic, was denied a haircut by a San Francisco barber who snarled: "We don't serve Japs here."

Despite Wilson's outburst, most Japanese Americans would agree that their acceptance has been vastly improved since 1941. Thanks to the Nisei military record, their loyalty is unquestioned.

Yet there remains a fear that the old animosities are not far below the surface. In a new time of crisis, as when relations between Washington and Tokyo become strained, many Japanese-Americans wonder if once again they will be made the highly visible scapegoats of national frustration and anger. Unwittingly, John Wilson may have reminded us of this possibility.

The New Activism

Editor's Introduction: It is only in the third and fourth generations of Japanese Americans that radical activism has begun to take root. This development is due in part to America's Asian policy, in part to the rise of "Third World" movements from which the Japanese Americans have taken heart. In part it is due also to a reaction among younger Japanese Americans against their elders. In the eyes of these young people, many of the older Japanese Americans went too far in accommodating themselves to white society and white values. For these elders there is a term of derision: "banana"—yellow on the outside, white on the inside.

The author of this poem (meant to be read aloud), Nobuko Joann Miyamoto, is a radical activist and songwriter who works in the Latin and Asian communities of New York City. Although probably too young to have experienced herself the "relocation" years, she draws upon the whole history of the Japanese-American community in America.

When I was young
kids used to ask me
what are you?
I'd tell them what my mom told me
I'm an American

Amy Tachiki, Eddie Wong, and Franklin Odo, eds., *Roots: An Asian American Reader* (Los Angeles: UCLA Asian American Studies Center, 1971), pp. 98–99. Reprinted by permission of the author.

chin chin Chinaman
you're a Jap!
flashing hot inside
I'd go home
my mom would say
don't worry
he who walks alone
walks faster

people kept asking me
what are you?
and I would always answer
I'm an American
they'd say
no, what nationality?
I'm an American
that's where I was born
flashing hot inside
and when I'd tell them what they wanted to know
Japanese . . . .
Oh I've been to Japan

I'd get it over with
so they could catalogue and file me
pigeonhole me
so they'd know just how
to think of me
priding themselves
they could guess the difference
between Japanese and Chinese
they had me wishing I was what I'd
been seeing in movies and on T.V.
on billboards and in magazines

and I tried
while they were making laws in California
  against us owning land
we were trying to be American
and laws against us intermarrying with white people
we were trying to be American
when they put us in concentration camps
we were trying to be American
our people volunteered to fight against their own country

trying to be American
when they dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki
we were still trying.

finally we made it
most of our parents
fiercely dedicated to give us
a good education
to give us everything they never had
we made it
now they use us as an example
to the blacks and browns
how we made it
how we overcame.

but there was always
someone asking me
what are you?

now I answer
I'm an Asian
and they say
why do you want to separate yourselves
now I say
I'm Japanese
and they say
don't you know this is the greatest country in the world
now I say in America
I'm part of the third world people
and they say
if you don't like it here
why don't you go back.